

COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

ILLUSTRATED.

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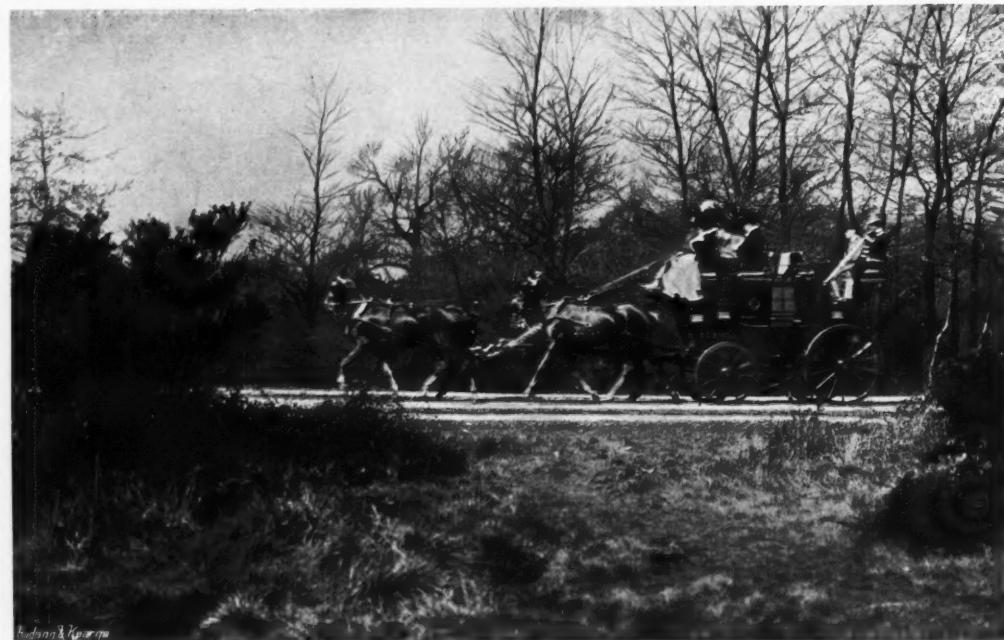
LADY DUDLEY AND CHILDREN.

Upper Baker Street,

Coaches from London.—I. The “Rocket.”

“EIGHT miles an hour, for twenty or five-and-twenty hours, a tight mail-coach, a hard seat, a gouty tendency, a perpetual change of coachmen grumbling because you did not fee them enough, a fellow passenger partial to spirits and water.” Such is the catalogue of the evils endured by the elder Pendennis, Major and Martyr, when he travelled down to Fairoaks ever so long ago intent on extricating Arthur from the snares of the Fotheringay. “Who has not borne these evils,” says the maker of the Major and of Arthur, “in the jolly old days?” Well, probably the majority of us have not. For my own part, I must admit that my worst suffering in the way of travelling by a public conveyance called a coach has been endured between Haverfordwest, which is in Pembrokeshire, and Fishguard, which is fifteen miles or three hours by the clock away from it. Some French *diligences* run the Fishguard coach hard, but on the whole the palm may be awarded to that vehicle, one of the last among the mail-coaches, for ramshackle discomfort, leisurely progress, and execrable cattle. It may be said that the Fishguard coach has little to do with the matter in hand. But to say that were merely short-sighted; for the “Rocket” is the matter in hand, and as Mr. Ernest Fowne toolled the “Rocket” down to Box Hill on Wednesday of last week, with black Care sitting behind in the shape of me, I could not help wondering again and again what that masterly whip would have said if he had been called upon to drive the Fishguard coach, which was the last before the “Rocket” to which destiny had called me. No fate so cruel has come to him yet, nor will come in this world; but in the shades, as Tantalus was doomed to see the water recede from his parched lips, as Sisyphus rolled the stone up hill in vain, so Mr. Ernest Fowne, if he becomes a backslider, and Pluto takes the advice of COUNTRY LIFE, may be set to drive a phantom Fishguard coach with me, perhaps, for passenger.

These things, however, lie in the laps of the gods. For the moment, by way of introducing an all too brief series of articles illustrative and descriptive of some of the best coaching drives into the country out of London that can be enjoyed, I propose to describe the journey of Mr. John Dewar's well-equipped coach, the “Rocket,” from London to Box Hill and back, on



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CROSSING PUTNEY HEATH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Wednesday, the 4th day of May, in the year of grace 1898. That it happened to be a thoroughly unfavourable day at the outset matters not a whit; indeed it is rather to the good; for if passengers could enjoy themselves as we did on that tempestuous Wednesday, it follows that the pleasure of the trip in fair weather would be almost too trying to the nerves. A leaden sky, a fierce and steady rain, a howling westerly wind, saluted the coach with its dashing team of chestnuts as, with a watery twanging of the horn, it clattered up to the Hotel Victoria. But the passengers were not to be daunted. English women, no less than English men, know full well that life would not be worth living in this island of ours if anybody took notice of the weather. Besides, if you start in the rain it may get fine, whereas if you start in sunshine the rain is more likely to come than not. Feeling, therefore, that they had every chance of better luck before them, the passengers gathered together and mounted the coach. Then Mr. Fowne, in his first costume, which was workmanlike, but not a circumstance to his last, took his seat on the box; and Fred, the guard, swung himself on behind, and with a cheery blast of the horn we were off into the rain. Of Mr. Fowne, for the moment at any rate, I must speak with real awe, which may wear off in time, but he will always be mentioned with respect. There is a contemptuous old rhyme which is entirely wrong in motive:—

“What can Tommy Onslow do?
‘Why he can drive a coach and two.’
‘Can Tommy Onslow do no more?’
‘Yes, he can drive a coach and four.’”

Surely the man who can do that can do anything, or could if he pleased. He could command an army, or lead the House of Commons, or edit a newspaper. At any rate I for one would sooner try any of those occupations than undertake to steer a four-horse coach across Charing Cross, down Pall Mall, and through the multitudinous omnibuses of Piccadilly. But Mr. Fowne did it all without turning a hair, or touching anything, or calling anybody anything worse than a lunatic. The victim was a boy who tried to upset the coach with a hand-barrow, and failed. When Mr. Fowne called him lunatic we all laughed. The Chief Justice of England himself is not more certain of the effect of his jest than Mr. Fowne. As for Fred, he is delightful. Small of stature,



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ON THE LOOK-OUT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

wiry and nimble, with a complexion in which the tan of exposure and the warm blood of health struggle for the mastery, with a look of unfathomable cunning and humour even when problems are of the simplest, he is the right man in the right place. He wears a coat which is all seams, and a light beaver hat which is all fur.

Now for effects during the drive. Scenery, passing westward down Piccadilly in the morning rain, there is none, though beautiful sunsets may be seen when the red light gleams from Piccadilly glistening with moisture. But as we passed on, and the hoofs clattered and the coach glided smoothly along the Fulham Road, there became visible a patch in the sky as big as a man's hand, and it was blue. As we crossed Putney Bridge, where the river was not less boisterous than on the last day of misfortune for Cambridge, the air bit shrewdly, it was indeed very cold; but the rain was, to all intents and purposes, gone for good. So, as Mr. Pepys would have it, up Putney Hill and mighty pleased with ourselves; and as we crossed Wimbledon Common, with trees and bushes all dressed in the newest and most vivid of spring's verdure, the true feeling of exhilaration began. For it is stimulating and health-giving in no common measure to rush through the keen air behind four gallant horses. Down the hill towards Kingston they gave Mr. Fowne some trouble by their eagerness, for they were near the stable where rest and oats awaited them, and they were glad to know it. Pleasant was it to note, too, at the time of changing, the care with which Mr. Fowne gave various particular directions for the treatment of his horses. He expects them to treat him well, and he does his duty by them.

Through Kingston, past the delightful flower market, along the banks of Father Thames for a while, through Surbiton we passed to Epsom, where there was another change; and yet another before we reached Burford Bridge, at the foot of Box Hill, which was our destination and turning point. But since there must be a limit to the space available, all the beauties of the journey cannot be enumerated, and attention must be directed to the principal amongst them. Of these the greatest, according to Fred, was the distant view of the Grand Stand at Epsom. One need not agree with him, but one must not pity

PULLING UP AT TOLWORTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

him. He is a free Englishman and he has a right to his opinions. Only, personally, I prefer Norbury Park, and I wish to say, without any affectation of reserve, that I never enjoyed before such a combination of pleasure, from dashing and scientific driving and unsurpassable spectacle, as was given to us there. A narrow frowning gateway appeared in view on the right. The horn sounded in imperious melody, the gates flew open, disclosing a passage with but a few inches to spare. Through it we dashed rapidly and confidently, and then followed an impression of verdure and splendid trees, a swollen brown river, a narrow bridge over which we clattered at a noble pace. In a moment we had swept through another gateway and were passing along at the foot of Box Hill for Burford Bridge. For the Hill, just at present, it is superb and at its best. Against the background of those dark and immemorial box trees, intersected as they are by ghostly paths that remind one of Dore's pictures, the fresh green leaves of spring stood out in startling relief, and the white bursting buds of some poplar-like tree were even more striking. It was a spectacle, once seen, never to be forgotten.

Nor, to speak sooth, was the luncheon that followed; but over that perhaps 'twere best to draw a veil. The performance was Homeric. We stretched out our hands on the good things lying before us and they vanished and were no more seen. Then came a walk up the Hill, or in the valley with lofty trees on the one hand and lush grass on the other, according to disposition.

For myself, I am no mountaineer after such a luncheon as follows on a coach drive in a lusty wind. At last it was time to start homeward bound. It seemed all too soon, for the sun shone, and the wind had abated, and the face of the country was fair. Nor need much be said of the return journey, save that it was delightful. That delight was of two kinds. Firstly came the new aspect which objects assumed with a new point of view. One seems to know the general aspect of a glade, or a vista, or a stately country house from driving past it in one direction; but to pass it again, travelling a different way, reveals all sorts of new beauties and new peculiarities. Secondly, that Surrey soil has a wonderful faculty for drying rapidly. As we passed over those roads of beautiful surface in the morning, rattling through Epsom and Ewell and Leatherhead, the body of the coach was spattered and splashed with mud, and one thought regretfully, as each



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BETWEEN TOLWORTH AND EWELL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

fresh stage was reached and the horses were led away, of the trouble it would give to clean them. As we returned the hoofs rattled gaily on a road as dry and hard as if there had been no rain for a fortnight, and the going was perfection. So rapid had the drying process been that at one time, in spite of the down-pour of the morning, our course was marked by a sweeping cloud of palpable dust. The pace was excellent, and the horses were of admirable quality all the way. But the cream of the horses, and of the going, was reserved for the last stage. We had started from Northumberland Avenue with the chestnuts, the best-matched of all the dashing teams behind which we travelled. A blast or two upon the horn as we approached showed us the chestnuts again, and all felt that, on this fine afternoon, they would be well received in Piccadilly. So most particular care was taken over the niceties of was paid to the mysteries of in these matters, and there is also something almost august in the manner in which the directions for little changes are given. Also at the last stage Mr. Fowne, the chrysalis of the morning, became the butterfly of coach-drivers. A silk hat crowned him, displacing the serviceable bowler of the morning. From a mysterious box, resembling Pandora's chest, Fred produced a button-hole of clove carnations as big as a strong man might carry. At last, as we rattled down Piccadilly,



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AT THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY, EPSOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

and the bus-drivers made way for us with raised whips, and policemen, real policemen, saluted Mr. Fowne as he drove "on the wrong side of the obelisk," and he treated all difficulties as pleasant problems to be solved by nerve and skill, I began to hope that I appreciated the greatness of his responsible position.

In a word, a coach drive with a masterly man on the box is the best of fun, the "Rocket" is a swift-running, well-horsed and well-driven coach, and as I write with the wind still glowing in my cheeks, I feel that I owe new health and spirits to the "Rocket" and its owner.

SPRING SOWING.

"NOT with wheat below forty, my Lord," was Farmer Springwheat's thankful rejoinder to Lord Scampendale's kind enquiry as to whether there were any more babies in the Springwheat family. War's alarms have now sent wheat up above the magic "forty"; and in no season for ten years past has a greater area of spring corn been planted. Wheat, among other virtues, will germinate in soil so wet that other grain would rot in it. Hence the success of winter sowing. But in spring the ground is far more easily worked, and though the crop is often a late one, the reservation of a certain area for cropping then gives the farmer time for "second thoughts." This year, for instance, much of the land which would have been sown with barley or pulse crops will be covered with the grain which gives us bread rather than malt or horse food. In the days of Cobbett, yellow turnips were known as "Radical

Swedes." We may call this "Political Wheat," for American politics have made it pay.

PREPARING THE LAND is quick work in spring. Here we see three ploughs, in the distance a harrow, and a "cultivator" in the foreground, all at work on the same field. This is being got ready for the rough Scotch method of sowing shown in the third illustration. **PLoughing the Hillside** shows three first-class teams of Clydesdales at work early in May. This land will be sown with turnips or mangold later. But the chief interest of spring sowing centres in the process which is to cover hundreds of thousands of acres with golden wheat or tawny crops of barley. Broadcast sowing by hand is still used on the labourers' allotments, and in some parts of America by hand-worked machines which scatter the grain. But for practical modern farming, these are entirely superseded by the "drill," one of the neatest implements of modern husbandry. Jethro Tull is credited with being the inventor of the drill. He was certainly its apostle, and believed that his discovery was a panacea for all the difficulties of raising profitable crops. It certainly was an immense mechanical advance on what had satisfied the world for the 3,000 or more years during which wheat is known to have been cultivated. The best drill was perfected in Suffolk, from which county it gets its name. The difficulty of making an implement strong enough to stand the wear and tear of being dragged over fields, yet delicate enough to be sensitive to all the inequalities of the ground, and never miss an inch when dropping the seed, was great. To lessen the resistance of the ground, the earth of the field is made as fine and level as possible. This is much easier in spring than in autumn,



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

PLOUGHING THE HILLSIDE.

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for the winter frosts and March winds have crumbled the clods, and the harrow and roller can do the work effectually. Except on the worst clay soils, the ground is almost as smooth as a garden bed before the drill comes on to it. The machine itself is next made ready for work. It consists of a large box to hold the seed, a row of tiny "coulters" like those of a plough, each of which cuts a little furrow for the seed to lie in, and an equal number of little tin funnels down which the seed runs, and which deposit it in the furrows. This sounds all very simple. But the difficulty with any good idea in mechanics is to convert it into one which will work. Here, for instance, the tin tubes would break or bend if they were stiff, and would choke if the seed came too fast or else pour it out in useless quantities. To prevent the tubes bending, they are made of a series of little funnels, each emptying into the next, and fastened by chains, so that they "give," and are not rigid if they strike a clod. In one kind of drill the deposition of the seed is automatically checked by levers which work when a clod is struck, just as the levers on the notes of the piano move when pressed. Inside the box revolving cylinders regulate the flow of the seed. The result is the beautifully neat rows of seed corn which one is so familiar with in most parts of England. The field looks like a piece of cloth printed with green lines. If perfect mechanical apparatus could secure success in agriculture, the drill would have done all that its



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PREPARING THE LAND.

discoverers claimed for it. Unfortunately, the natural processes, whether in animals or plants, are precisely those which are least open to mechanical improvement. The finest hen-houses and nests will not make a pullet lay two eggs a day; and the most perfect drill only makes a little difference in the corn crop, and sometimes is even less useful than rougher methods. SOWING BROADCAST BY MACHINE is a compromise between the mechanical perfection of depositing seed from the drill and the rough-and-ready method of our ancestors. The machine is seen in the illustration. It is a long box with a triangular section, the point of the wedge being turned towards the ground. The bumps and jolts of the box as the horse drags

it on wheels over the soil naturally shake all the seed to the apex of the inverted triangle. All along this little holes are pierced at about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. apart. Through these the seed drops to the ground. If less seed per acre is required to be sown, the holes are partly closed by a little shutter which can be slipped over them like the guard of a keyhole. A long brush is turned round inside occasionally to keep the holes from clogging. This kind of rough sowing machine is in high favour in Scotland. It is very quick, for the box is often 16 ft. long, and covers a great deal of ground. One machine will sow thirty acres in a day, and it is so simple that it never gets out of order. Our illustration is from a scene at Gillfoot Farm, Kirkcudbrightshire.

AGRICOLA.



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SOWING BROADCAST BY MACHINE.

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LONDON HERONS.

LONDONERS are the happy possessors of two heronries, on the east and west respectively. The former is an appanage of Epping Forest at Wanstead Park. The second is a comparatively new acquisition, and its present site is on the two plantations known as "Lynmouth" and "Isabella," on the southern heights of Richmond Park. Two years ago the whole community used to nest together in the wood at the head of the Penn Ponds. Then the Woods and Forests officials sent in men to fell the oaks in the beginning of April, and every heron deserted its nest. Public remonstrances soon found their way into print; but meantime the birds began building fresh nests in the higher woods, laid their eggs, and reared broods nearly two months late. A large number of nests were built in one great tree, now known as THE HERONS' OAK. This year there are more nests than ever at Richmond, and they are full of young ones. We give an illustration of A LOST CHILD fallen from a nest. It is said that if this happens the young one is fed by the old birds equally with those in the nest. When the latter have flown the old birds continue to feed them; and on the Norfolk Marshes whole families of full-grown young may be seen gathered round their parents, who distribute the fish to each.



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THE MASTER NESTS.

"C.L."

At Richmond most of the nests are built in high oaks. THE MASTER NESTS at Richmond Park are placed in a very ancient tree on the hilltop. At Wanstead the birds have a fancy for crowding their nests into A FAVOURITE TREE. This is a very large elm, with widely-spread branches. These London herons usually keep close in the Richmond woods by day, and only leave them by night. But during spring and summer, when the young are hungry, their excursions are not limited to the hours of darkness. Some revisit their old home at Hampton Court, and fish in the Long Canal, especially in the early hours of the morning from dawn till breakfast time, after which visitors disturb them. This canal is a noted place for eels, and as the eels usually work up the canal towards the springs near the palace, the herons are often seen fishing quite close to the gardens early on summer mornings. The late Mr. Dann, formerly keeper at the White Ash Lodge in Richmond Park, was the son of a keeper of the Home Park, Hampton Court. In those days the Thames above Surbiton was a wild stream, and the meadows and ditches near it were haunted by wildfowl and snipe on frosty mornings. When seeking these with a single-barrelled gun early one winter morning, he shot a heron, and picked it up apparently quite dead. As he did so the bird, which was shamming death, suddenly darted its beak at his eye, but missed the orbit and struck his forehead, which it cut up to the roots of the hair. Osterley Park lake is another daylight fishing ground of the herons; and last summer they made attempts to visit the ponds in the grounds of Chiswick House. Among the very fine timber which surrounds this mansion several pairs of carrion crows were breeding. These always sallied out and gave battle to any heron which came by day. The crows flew up to a great height to meet the invader as he sailed over the pool, and usually succeeded in driving him from the neighbourhood. By night the herons haunt the whole length of the tidal Thames from Chiswick past Kew Gardens, and up to Teddington. After the Richmond water fêtes in the summer, persons out late on the river have heard the croak of the herons at many points of the stream. They are also commonly heard by night off Chiswick Eyot, and a short time since one was fishing there in the daytime. The Richmond herons originally migrated there from the Home Park at Hampton Court. The migrations of heronries form a curious chapter in bird history. The story of those in Lord Zouche's park at Parham, in Sussex, covers nearly three centuries. According to Mr. A. Knox, they were "originally brought from Coity Castle, in Wales, by Lord Leicester's steward, in James I.'s time, to Penshurst, in Kent, the seat of Lord de Lisle, where their descendants continued for more than 200 years; from thence they migrated to Michelgrove, about seventy miles from Penshurst and eight from Parham. Here they remained for nearly twenty years, until the proprietor of the estate disposed of it to the late Duke of Norfolk, who, having purchased it not as a residence, but with the view of increasing the local property in the neighbourhood of Arundel, pulled down the house, and felled one or two of the trees on which the herons had constructed their nests. The migration commenced immediately, but appears to have been gradual; for three seasons elapsed before all the members of the herony had found their



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THE HERONS' OAK. "COUNTRY LIFE"

way over the downs to their new quarters in the fir woods of Parham."

These are probably the only British birds which do most of their house-building by night. The writer has often watched the growth of the nests; but though up at dawn, and keeping them under observation during the day, he has seldom seen the birds carry any material to add to the big pile of sticks, dead brambles, rushes and bits of osier which make the edifice. As the nests are soon completed it seems obvious that the herons, which can see to catch fish in the dark, also do their building by moonlight. This may account for the extraordinary case recently recorded of a heron's nest being found to be built almost entirely of broken wire. It was blown out of the tree, and the material was thus discovered. The wire had been used for some purpose near to the herony, and thrown away as useless.

Like otters, swans, and some other aquatic animals, herons usually wet their food before eating it. Ducks are not so particular as to this, for they will eat dry corn in the ear, shelling it out very neatly; but they prefer their food moist, and young ducklings will rush away and sip water after every few mouthfuls of meal. Otters wet all food, and at the Zoo will even eat bread after carefully soaking it. Swans always sop their bread; but herons seem to regard this use of water sauce as a form of etiquette. Fish are wet enough for them naturally, but if they catch a bird or a rat, it is always washed before swallowing. At the Zoo a heron will frequently spike a sparrow with the utmost neatness and precision. The wretched sparrow remains quivering, spitted on the beak, while the heron squints at it till it dies. Then it is disengaged by the aid of the bird's foot, and drabbled and washed in the water till it looks like a wet rag. Then the heron swallows it. When shooting in the South Yorkshire Fen the writer saw a long shot fired at a heron. The bird came down, threw up a quantity of fish, and then rose and flew off. The meal so



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A LOST CHILD.

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disgorged consisted of some dozen minnows and a small trout. The streams near were very clear, shallow, and stoneless, and the herons from Rossington Woods killed off nearly every fish in them.

Anyone who has kept birds will have noticed how careful they are to clean their beaks after feeding on anything wet or messy. Rooks, canaries, parrots, falcons, thrushes, snipe, and woodcock, all either wash their beaks or carefully polish them against a bough or perch. Fish are the most untidy of all food to swallow, for the scales come off and adhere to the bird's beak, to which they are gummed by the slime that covers most fishes' bodies. Diving birds wash this off as they swim below the surface. But the heron does not necessarily put his head under water to take a fish. Consequently he has developed a very neat little mouth-cleaning apparatus on his foot. On one claw of each foot is a tiny little toothed comb, so small and insignificant that no one who does not happen to have an open heron's foot in his hand would notice it. What the use of this little instrument could be was long a puzzle, as it was too small to be of service in holding down a fish, neither is this a heron's practice.

On trial it was found that this little comb, no longer than the breadth of a finger-nail, does remove adhering fish scales in a very neat and effectual manner. It is a tooth-brush, and one of the most singular instances of a special organ developed for a special purpose to be seen among birds, for the heron has only one on each foot, and the combs are useless for any other purpose.

Heron ought to increase now that public opinion is so strongly in favour of their preservation, but it is very doubtful if mere abstention from shooting them attains this object. On one of the largest estates in East Anglia, so large that even the heron's powers of flight scarcely tempt him to explore the dangerous zone that lies beyond it, not a heron has been shot for twenty years; yet the number of nests in the herony did not increase after the first few years. It began with a single nest, and the number rapidly increased to about sixteen. Twenty nests marked the highest population of the colony, which has neither increased further nor, so far as is known, have any fresh heronries been founded by the young birds. This may be due to the need of protection for the nests. New heronries are usually founded in one or two ways. Either the whole colony migrates and starts in a fresh neighbourhood, or a single pair



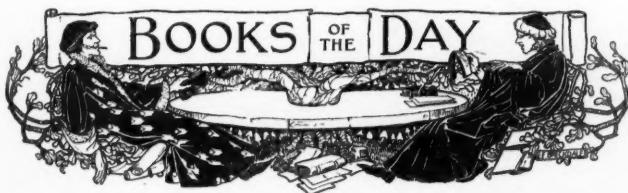
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A FAVOURITE TREE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

make a nest and so found a colony, as in the Norfolk herony previously mentioned. It is these single nests which need to be guarded beyond all other chance increments of "natural commodities" on a landed estate. Should news be brought of a single pair of herons being engaged in building, it is quite worth while to engage a man to keep watch during the whole nesting season. This lasts from early March to June, when the young birds can fly, and would probably cost £11 in wages. For that £11 the owner will probably find himself next year the richer by a herony. Not only the young build there. Other herons tend to join them, and a nucleus of four nests is enough to establish a herony which may last as long as the trees endure for them to build in. Instances where these single nests have been robbed and then deserted are common enough. Some years ago the writer found one on the Loversalls Carrs, near Doncaster, in a plantation called the Black Wood. This nest was an offshoot from the herony in Rossington Woods, so often referred to by the late Rev. F. O. Morris. The Black Wood was a lonely covert of tall trees, mainly ash and spruce, out on the ancient marshes. The herons frequented it for years before they thought of building; but the nest was not protected, the eggs were stolen, and the birds gave up the attempt.

C. J. CORNISH.



IN Miss Gertrude Atherton's new novel, "American Wives and English Husbands" (Service and Paton), I find but one fault—I do not like the title. It is true that there are American wives, very American, in the book, and English husbands, very English also. But the true heroine, the fine character upon the noble development of which the attention of the reader is fixed, is Lee Tarlton, "The Making of Lee Tarlton," or something of that kind, had been a more apt title. But, after all, what signifies the name by which the pedantic gardener may have attempted to distract our attention from the sweetness and the beauty of the rose so long as we find in due time the flower and the fragrance. If Miss Atherton has really given us that rare and precious thing, a book, what does the name of the book matter? Now this taster of literary wines of many sorts and qualities, sated though his appetite may be, and cloyed his palate, is very decidedly of opinion that the brand which lies open before him now is of a high order of merit and of great charm. Therefore he intends, that is to say I intend, to direct the attention of readers of COUNTRY LIFE to "American Wives and English Husbands" in preference to, albeit not to the exclusion of, various other books which lie before me.

We encounter Lee Tarlton first as the vigorous eleven-year-old child of the widow of a Southerner who, having made a fortune and lost it in California, had blown out his brains and left his widow and daughter to face the world alone. Mrs. Tarlton is often too ill to be left alone, but she is carefully drawn and her maxims are practical. "If you are beautiful your husband is your slave, if you are plain you are his upper servant. All the brains the bluestockings will ever pile up will not be worth one complexion. (I do hope you are not going to be blue, by the way.) Why are American women the most successful in the world? Because

they know how to be beautiful. I have seen many beautiful American women who had no beauty at all. What they want they will have, and the will to be beautiful is like yeast to dough. If women are flapjacks it is their own fault. Only cultivate a complexion, and learn how to dress, and walk as if you were accustomed to the homage of princes, and the world will call you beautiful. Above all, get a complexion." Such was Mrs. Tarlton's Southern philosophy of life, and if Lee's nature was a thought too vigorous to accept that philosophy in its entirety, it undoubtedly exercised a considerable influence in her development. What is more, Mrs. Tarlton's social wisdom may be shallow, but there is practical wisdom in it.

Into Lee's young life entered suddenly Cecil Maundrell, an ordinary type of English boy, the son of a rather scapegrace middle-aged gentleman, whose then chances of a peerage seemed distinctly remote; and the two children, drawn together by joint adventures, grew in affection one to another, and were engaged to one another by a childish pledge. Then Mrs. Tarlton died, and Lee was left alone in the world, with about 80 dollars, or £16 a month. Some good folks thought that Maundrell *pere* would adopt Lee; but a series of accidents made Maundrell Lord Barnstable, and it became out of the question that he should do anything of the kind. So Lord Barnstable and Cecil went away to England, and Lee was brought up in the dainty home of gentle Mrs. Montgomery, who was a Southerner, with all the aristocratic prejudices of her class, as Mrs. Tarlton had been. And Lee grew up exceeding beautiful, clever, heart-whole, and full of spirits. She continued her correspondence with Cecil, and glimpses of Cecil's letters are given with great skill, showing us his character and its development also. We are told of schoolboy letters from Eton, with "the creak of protesting machinery in every line." Then comes the undergraduate of Balliol, not a little of a prig throughout, and, for the rest, going through the ordinary stages of profound religious conviction, varied by rustication for a very superior ballyrag, oratory at the union, Zolaism, bimetallism, loss of all ideals, and "Greats." And all the while Lee grew more and more beautiful. "Coming out" at eighteen, the easy queen of the pleasant Society in which she found herself, Lee encountered before long a more than commonly frigid and colourless Englishman, Lord Arrowmount, "an artificially animated sarcophagus of England's greatness"; and the "pink atmosphere of her day-dreams faded to ashes of roses" on hearing that Arrowmount was a type. So she wrote to Cecil giving him his freedom, and he, nothing loth, since he had no idea how beautiful she was, took the offered gift. But it was necessary to the development

of the story that Lee and Cecil should meet again, and meet they did, when he had come to the end of a prolonged sporting tour. I must not linger over their second love-making, pretty as it is; but it must be noted as delightfully characteristic that, in the middle of the sweetest part of it, Cecil astonishes everybody, and Lee most of all, by going off for two weeks after grizzly bears. That English devotion to sport is a thing the American mind cannot be brought to understand.

However, they are married, and it is in the account of Lee's life in England that the witchery and mastery of the book are principally conspicuous. Naturally she has a strong individuality, and the beautiful woman's proper love for Society and admiration. In practice she devotes herself to her husband and attempts to merge her tastes in his. He is a keen sportsman; she also takes up sport, rides well to hounds, and learns to handle a gun with some credit. By the way, Miss Atherton labours under the very natural delusion that covert shooting begins in October. Cecil takes up politics and is successful; Lee devotes herself to the study of them and to helping him with such energy that, in mere physical weariness, she longs for the season of sport to return again. So wrapped up is she in Cecil that she does not perceive the signs of rebellion in her own individuality until divers American friends come to visit her. Then at last she discovers the feeling of nostalgia and the longing for a period of freedom that is in her. She proposes to go back to California for a year, as American wives often come to Europe for a year, leaving Cecil to work alone in England. For the life of her she cannot understand his objection to her plan. Then comes a family disaster, in which the full nobility of Lee's character is displayed. Lord Barnstable has married a rich vulgar American for her money, and she has come to the end of it. At this point Lady Barnstable has sold herself to a coarse plutocrat named Dix, who "runs" the Abbey, the family seat, and it is during the final scenes, when Lord Barnstable has discovered the truth, that the full strength and greatness of Lee stand forth upon the page. I will not tell, step by step, what happens, but I will say that, when the last page of the book has been read, one has a disposition to sit thinking in the armchair for long, and that the sum of the thoughts is, "Surely this is a great portrait of a grand woman."

The next book on my list, Mrs. Lovett Cameron's "A Difficult Matter" (John Long), is of totally different stamp. Indeed, it is quite an old-fashioned story, with all the old-fashioned *dramatis persona* on the stage. We have the stern father, who shows to his granddaughter the forgiveness which he denied to his son; we have true love directed towards a person forbidden; we have a son expelled from home on suspicion of crime which he has lied under for the sake of another, who is a villain. Finally all things come right. The tabooed lover turns out to be the expelled son, and the owner of a fine property, and all goes merrily as a marriage bell. But, though the lines of the story are familiar enough, it is full of spirit and animation in the telling, and "A Difficult Matter" whisks away a couple of hours very pleasantly.

"The Strength of Two," by Esmé Sturt (F. V. White), is rather a grim story of gambling, and a rough squire, and a hideous dwarf, and a grim old woman; and it ends up with a fine sensational scene and the flooding of a system of caves in which most of the characters run great risks and barely escape with their lives. The villain does not escape, but dies in heroic self-sacrifice, otherwise the story could not have ended happily. It is, at best, not a great story, but the author has evidently devoted great care to the elaboration of the character of Joy Lydeard, and Joy is certainly an admirable creature.

We need not all of us agree with Mr. Ruskin at all times in view or in point of view, but no person of taste can afford to deny that he is an admirer of Mr. Ruskin's power. In these circumstances, it is pleasant to note that Mr. George Allen has brought out a capital and cheap edition of "The Art and Pleasures of England," in other words of the lectures given by Mr. Ruskin at

Oxford in the years 1882-85, during his second tenure of the Slade Professorship. Certainly they were amongst the most charming lectures ever delivered.

Mrs. Brightwen's "Wild Nature Won by Kindness" (Unwin) is a pleasant book that has long been known as worthy of a vice-president of the Selborne Society. I was delighted on looking into the cheap and well-printed copy before me to find that it was in the eighth edition. "Flower Favourites; their Legends, Symbolism, and Significance," by Lizzie Deas (George Allen), is a prettily equipped and prettily conceived collection of lore and legend and, may I say it, poetical gossip about many familiar flowers. It contains a wonderful quantity of information.



F. Ollie.

TRESPASSING.

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The Royal Horticultural Society and Gardens.

ON Wednesday next and the two following days this ancient society will hold its annual exhibition in the gardens of the Temple, facing the Embankment; and it is this beautiful representation of the flowers and fruits of the earth that has placed an honourable society upon a firm foundation.

We believe few societies have passed through fiercer trials; at one time almost shipwrecked, then emerging from chaos into smooth waters, again to battle with misfortune and reckless management. The Royal Horticultural Society was inaugurated in 1804, incorporated five years later, and its patron is Her Majesty the Queen, the interest that the Royal Family show in its welfare being manifest in the regular attendance of the Prince and Princess of Wales at the annual May exhibition.

It would require many columns to write the history of the society and record the work of the eminent botanists, gardeners, and collectors that have been associated with it from its inception. The volumes of its early "transactions" reveal how great was its power and enterprise in former days, when other lands were travelled to gain a know'e lge of their flora and introduce plants for cultivation in English gardens. The great Fortune was sent out by the society, and it was through him that the tea plant was introduced into Britain, for which we may therefore thank this society; indeed, its history is the history of horticulture in this land, at least since the beginning of the present century. The famous botanist, Lindley, was at one time its secretary, when those useful judicial bodies, the Fruit, Vegetable, and Floral Committees were in their infancy, but which have since been added to by special committees for the consideration of orchids and narcissi.

The Apple and Pear Congresses, held some years ago in the Chiswick Gardens, evolutionised fruit growing in this country. They directed attention to the worthlessness of much of the fruit produce grown in England, and pointed a warning finger to the increasing importations from over the seas. It is in truth only when one comes to write of the history of the society that its

immensity is realised, and the great horticultural work, unassisted as in other countries by the State, goes on unceasingly. The fruit show held each October at the Crystal Palace continues the work commenced by the congresses, and ever brings before a commercial public the great possibilities of fruit growing in these isles. To mention even the great conferences that have taken place under its auspices would fill a large volume—conferences upon a rich variety of subjects, from the daffodil to the cabbage; and yet we think that the general public scarcely realises the work accomplished by this body of horticulturists, not merely of our own country, but comprising, too, the leading men of the world.

Mud has been gratuitously hurled from time to time at the society. True its leaders have been known to blunder, but they were human, and unfortunately in an evil moment decided to leave the sweet precincts of Chiswick to enter upon an expensive term in costly arcaded gardens at South Kensington. From this palatial abode that brought ruin and almost total extinction, the society was turned adrift, and is now even homeless, save for its gardens in the suburbs and its temporary—we hope—shelter in the Drill Hall, Westminster.

A few years ago Baron Schreder, whose famous garden of orchids at The Dell, Egham, is world known, endeavoured zealously to raise sufficient funds to build a Hall for Horticulture in some central spot in London, which should provide suitable accommodation for horticultural exhibitions and meetings, but the scheme unfortunately collapsed. It is a disgrace to this country, wealthy beyond compare, that horticulture should be homeless. The fascinating displays of rare flowers in the Drill Hall every fortnight deserve surely a worthier building.

It is a pleasure to know that, thanks to the efforts of the president, Sir Trevor Lawrence, Bart., who has stuck to his post through all the troublous times of late years, the secretary, the Rev. W. Wilks, and many others whose names we cannot mention from want of space, the roll of fellows increases yearly.

We hope this article will bring others into its ranks. No society offers more liberal return for the subscriptions asked, which vary from four guineas to one guinea. Its journal is a quarterly handbook of great value to all who care for horticulture in any form, as it records the novelties shown at exhibitions and the lectures delivered by experts at the fortnightly meetings, whilst other privileges are admittance to the shows and the Chiswick Gardens.

We give with pleasure a portrait of the president, Sir Trevor Lawrence, Bart., who is a great gardener too. His delight is in orchids, and the many houses at Burford Lodge, Dorking, are filled with rare and almost priceless treasures. Of these we hope to write in the near future, and then our readers will know more of the president and his home than can be recorded on the present occasion.

The most interesting feature of the Chiswick Gardens is the vinery, probably the largest in the world, though individual vines of greater dimensions exist, as at Hampton Court, Cumberland Lodge, and Maresa in Roehampton Lane. The Chiswick vinery was originally a conservatory, and when the fêtes in the gardens attracted fashionable crowds from London, formed an indoor promenade of much beauty. Over fifty years have elapsed since its erection, which cost nearly £5,000. It is 180ft. in length, 30ft. wide, and 26ft. in height, and Mr. Barron, who for upwards of thirty years was



C. Henwood.

THE VENERY AT CHISWICK GARDENS.

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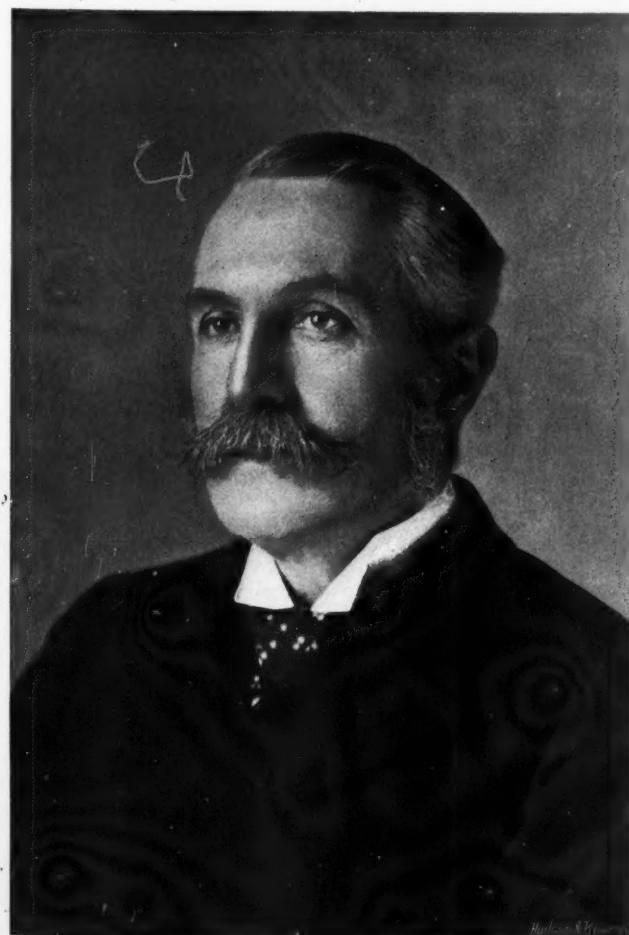
superintendent of the gardens, in his book about vines says that "the greatest number of bunches produced in one season was 4,500, their aggregate weight being over two tons. . . . At the present time the varieties cultivated are chiefly those standard sorts which have been found suited to the house, viz.:—Black Hamburg or Frankenthal, which is the best of all, Alicante, Gros Guillaume, Madresfield Court, Gros Colman, Lady Downe's Seedling, Black Prince, Black Monukka, West St. Peter's, Dutch Hamburg, Buckland Sweetwater, and Muscat of Alexandria." One secret of success has been the system pursued of growing on young rods to take the place of the old stems, thus maintaining a succession of vigorous growths. Our illustration shows the men at work thinning the bunches, and we direct our readers' attention to the ladder by which access is obtained to the bunches. Mr. Barron writes of it in his book thus:—"This is formed of wrought angle iron, and runs on wheels, being moved with ease by a man at each side. It is so constructed that the men, in whatever position, are within easy reach of the vines. From ten to twenty men may be at work on it at one time. It was constructed at a cost of £30, from designs supplied by us to a working blacksmith in Hammersmith, and has been found to effect an immense saving in labour and glass over the ordinary ladders formerly in use."

The gardens are restful, and filled with interesting collections of flowers, fruits, and vegetables. It is here that trials of new varieties are carried out under the direction of the superintendent (Mr. J. Wright) and good work quietly accomplished in the interests of British gardening. If the former glory of Chiswick has departed and its acreage lessened, it remains still a garden famous throughout the world and maintaining its great reputation for experimental horticulture.

The Royal Horticultural Society is pursuing a progressive course; it has given itself solely to the advancement of horticulture, and its fortnightly meetings are a witness to its success.

THE KANGAROO IN ENGLAND.

OX-TAIL soup we know; its tinned variety is always with us. But kangaroo-tail soup we have relished only for a season. The explanation probably is that the tails of the kangaroos have far to come, and require a Klondyke temperature to keep them wholesome. It is obvious, however, that here may be potential possibilities of pleasure and profit. The brief luxury of last summer, it seems, has had the effect of creating many epicurean Oliver Twists who are crying out for more. If this be so, it is almost impossible to avoid the punster's temptation to observe that undoubtedly hereby hangs a tale. Is it possible, for instance, for a trade in kangaroo tails to be developed? And if so, is it practicable to produce tails for home consumption on native soil? The first question is apparently readily disposed of by the experience of last summer, the whole consignment of frozen kangaroo tails from the Antipodes having been sold within a few days of its reaching the London market. In the case



Elliott and Fry, SIR TREVOR LAWRENCE. Baker Street.

of the second question, the immediate temptation of the unreflecting will be to treat it as preposterous; but the student of animal life will be much slower to answer it. The fact is that kangaroos have already lived and thrived in a wild state within our borders, successfully defying the rigour of our erratic climate, at a distance not more remote than twenty miles from the metropolis. There is a lingering tradition that the herd still exists, and even within the past few days references have been made to it in various publications as a thing of actuality. But the belief that wild kangaroos may be seen gambolling in the neighbourhood of Leith Hill, in Surrey, is altogether baseless, the last of the herd having been killed ten years ago.

An extinction so recently effected tends to increase rather than to diminish the interest of tracing the history of the picturesque strangers in our midst. The mother of the herd appears to have been a kangaroo of the common variety which had been kept with other pets of the same species within a walled enclosure at Wotton House, near Dorking. During the autumn of 1849 she contrived to leap the wall and gain the freedom of the open country. Her liberty was brief, however, for she was chased by beagles and recaptured. But sweets once tasted became an enduring temptation, and a little later the animal again escaped. This time she was more successful in her venture. Efforts to recapture her entirely failed, and Mr. W. J. Evelyn, her owner, resolved to leave her in undisturbed possession of her freedom. From that time forward the animal was frequently seen in full enjoyment of her natural state on Leith Hill Common, and eventually it was observed that she was carrying an infant kangaroo in her pouch. For several years the mother and her young one were left undisturbed, with the result that presently several kangaroos were disporting themselves in the neighbourhood. It became clear, therefore, that the infant kangaroo had been a male, and had become the sire of a herd. The people of the neighbourhood appear to have had a creditable appreciation of the distinction that had been fortuitously bestowed upon their locality, and a laudable endeavour seems to have been made to protect the animals. Perhaps it would have been better if the ubiquitous boy had been allowed to exercise his natural delight in mischief. He might have been safely trusted to worry the herd into shy unapproachableness, and to have quickened its instinct of self-preservation from that type of Cockney sportsman who must "go out and kill something." As it happened, the very tameness that the animals developed proved to be the cause of their gradual undoing and of their final extermination. The greatest numerical strength attained by the herd during its career from 1849 to 1880 can only be conjectured; but there can be no doubt that during the latter year at least nine kangaroos were regular *habitues* of Leith Hill Common. Their number made them conspicuous. By degrees their fame became noised abroad, and gradually excursionists came to patronise the phenomenon; and with them

came the Cockney sportsman and his gun. It goes almost without saying that from that moment the heretofore well-protected herd began to diminish. Revolver shots were generally found to be the cause of death—a sure sign of the tameness of the harmless creatures, and of the ease with which they were capable of being approached. In 1888 some wanton destroyer succeeded in shooting the last of the herd. This forlorn animal is said to have been so tame that when it received its fatal wound, it crawled to the side of a charcoal-burner's fire, and there expired in the presence of the charcoal-burner himself. The workman had heard the shot fired, but he had not suspected it to portend the death of the last of the exotic favourites of the country-side.

From these historical facts it seems fairly conclusive that the Wotton herd, had it been left unmolested, would still have been flourishing around the famous Surrey hill. The thirty-nine years of its existence included a number of winters of such severity as to fully dispose of the question whether it was possible to accustomise the common kangaroos in England. The animals are said to have rarely wandered from their favourite haunts on the spacious heath-clad common, and the death of the last of them was genuinely regretted by the country people. The Australians apparently do not care to utilise as an article of food the flesh of the creature whose form they so proudly blazon on their escutcheon, preferring, it would seem, to confine their interest in him to his skin, his fur, and his tail. The latter they eat, it is true; but only in the form of soup, which they esteem as a very great delicacy. The British game-keeper, however, unhampered by any Antipodean traditions and antipathies, appears to be altogether less fastidious in his taste. Be this as it may, a Leith Hill game-keeper who chanced to find one of the Wotton kangaroos just dead from a bullet wound, took the body home, selected such a joint as he presumed might be an Australian tit-bit, and gave it over to be cooked. As a result of eating thereof, he pronounced it very good. One joint does not make an experience, however; and it is quite possible that the Leith Hill game-keeper might have amended his opinion upon a more extended acquaintance. On the other hand, he might possibly have waxed ecstatic over the savoury delights of kangaroo-tail soup. But even so, it must be confessed that it would not be economically sensible to raise kangaroos on a large scale for no other purpose than that of obtaining unlimited kangaroo-tail soup. Still, the kangaroo in England may offer points of utility not offered by the kangaroo in Australia. In any case, a large and interesting field of experiment and of speculation is opened up by the history of the Wotton herd; and if the experience of Leith Hill Common could be repeated, with the accompaniment of some scientific study, practical observation would probably disclose many directions in which the kangaroo could be turned to greater profit and to larger commercial advantage than it appears to have been turned in the land of its nativity.

THE SEABIRDS' FORTRESS.

"**A**VOID the Welsh Coast" is, the writer is informed, a standing rule among sailors, and an ordinance officially issued; and there is no denying that, from the mariner's point of view, the advice is sound. On the shores of all that great crescent called Cardigan Bay, which begins at Bardsey Island and ends at the western extremities of Pembrokeshire, there is no harbour into which the storm-tossed vessel may run with any confidence of safety. To those who occupy their business in great waters, those frowning, iron-bound cliffs, upon which the Atlantic swell beats unceasingly, are merely an ever-present menace; and in the wreck-charts one may see that nowhere is man's toll to the forces of Nature exacted more remorselessly than on these coasts.

Stacks, which may be described roughly as columnar masses of imperishable rock, the advance guard of the land in its eternal battle against the untiring sea, are numerous on the Welsh Coast. Off Holyhead we have the North Stack and the South Stack; just above Fishguard (which last year celebrated the centenary of the French invasion) is the great needle rock, which might almost go by the same name. In St. Bride's Bay, and immediately to the north of St. Bride's, are great stack rocks; and between Linney Head and St. Gowan's Head, the southernmost point of Pembrokeshire, is yet another stack, sometimes called Eligug Stack, by reason of the great flocks of eligugs, or razor-bills, which frequent it. Each and all of them are a terror to the mariner, and no wonder. Certainly, as the Englishman scrambles among those adamantine cliffs, or walking along their crests casts his eye upon the unmatched seaward view, and listens to the waves thundering on the rocks below, he soon ceases to be scornful concerning the persistency with which the little coasting vessels remain at anchor in spite of calm seas and gentle gales that seem to be favourable. On the Pembrokeshire coast the jaws of death are always wide open, and his teeth, though they be not white, are strong and sharp and cruel.

On the other hand, for wild and savage beauty there are no cliffs to surpass those of Pembrokeshire; and for splendour of azure in the sea, save when the sky frowns, you must go as far South as the Mediterranean before you shall find anything to match Cardigan and St. Bride's Bays. These things I say not merely because Pembrokeshire is for me the most precious part of the earth, but also because Mr. Brett, first painter of the sea in our islands, has made those rolling waves and that expanse of pellucid blue his subjects, and nearly all his beautiful sea pictures have been painted in Pembrokeshire. Also, these stacks, one and all of them, are an impregnable fortress for seabirds. You may see them here wheeling in great clouds from their twin towers. Almost may you hear their shrill screams, you can all

but distinguish the rustle of their multitudinous wings as they rise in whirling battalions from the crags on which they were hatched, and to which they will return night after night, until some peril of the land or the sea ends their wild free lives, or an urban gunner maims them in clumsy cruelty. The wings are grey and white beneath, or tawny buff in the first year's birds, or barred with black, and they are of every size. Nearly every kind of seabird frequents these stacks, for, save perhaps rabbit-holes for the puffins, the rocks and their environment supply in abundance everything that the gull and his friends demand. The gull asks no shelter; besides, the wind cannot blow from all sides at once, and there is always shelter under lee of the rock.

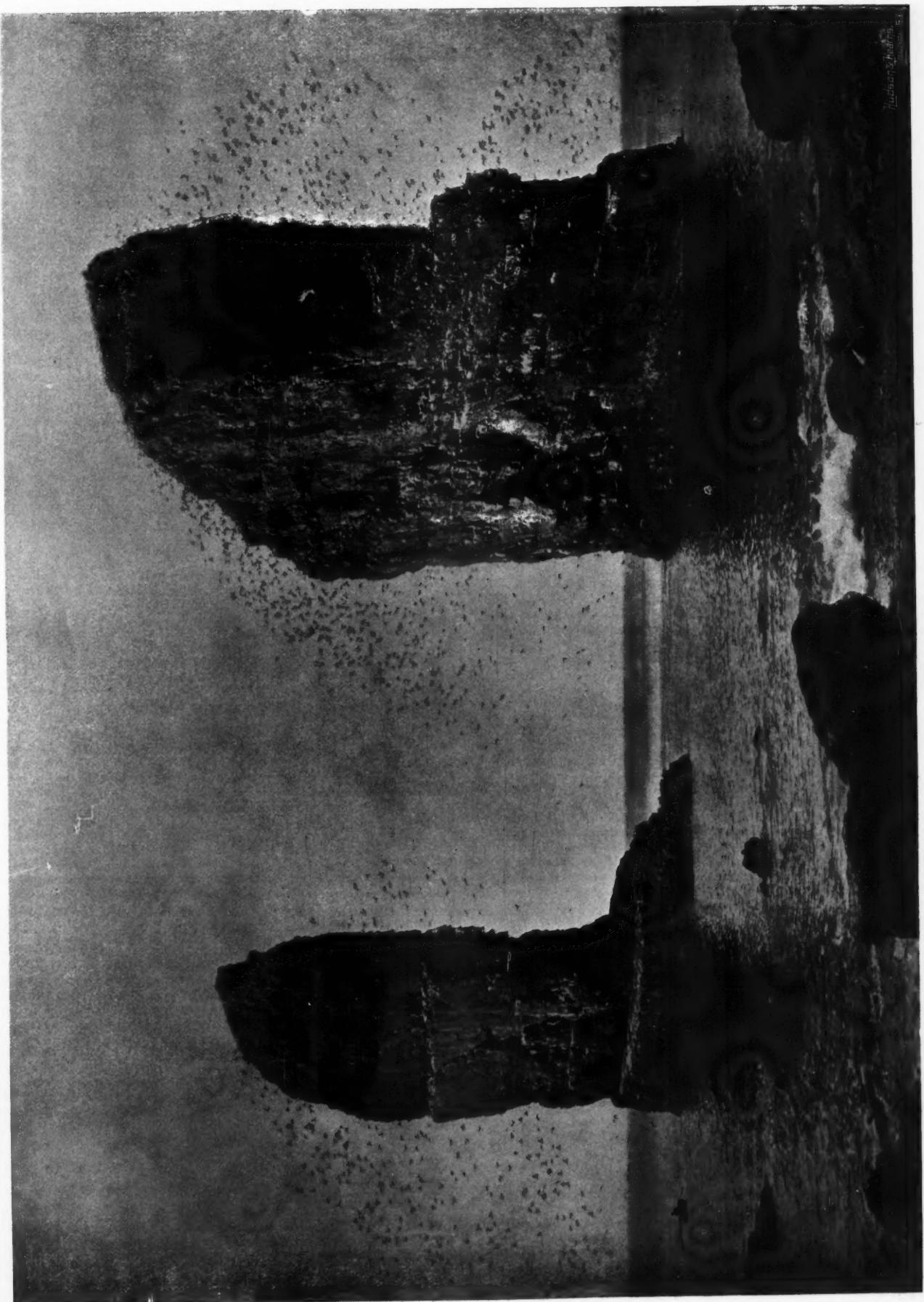
When gulls are driven far inland, as they are from time to time, it is not, I fancy, by stress of wind, but by hunger; for they come into the ploughed lands in cold still weather no less than in gales, and in both these cases the chances are that the fish keep in the lower depths, which are warmer than the surface exposed to the freezing air, and practically unmoved by storms. Also, although seabirds that are strong on the wing may not mind the gale, and can beat to windward in wonderful fashion, a rough sea will destroy the poor fliers but good swimmers. Puffins and guillemots, as a walk along that strip of shore after a storm would surely prove, are frequently drowned as ignominiously as if they were mere humans; but gulls, I fancy, rarely, and I never came upon the malodorous carcase of shag or cormorant that had died a natural death. They are multiplying, by the way, amazingly on those coasts. Nor is this matter for wonder. The sea off Pembrokeshire swarms with fish, small and great, and the people, having a touch of that languid temperament which belongs to a humid climate softened by the Gulf Stream, seldom fish far away from shore. So the wild seaweed has her prey to herself. Her young she rears on those pinnacle rocks, and they are safe. The man who would climb them would also do well to remember that

"A lover forsaken a new love may get;
A neck that's once broken can never be set."

And the castle of the birds has its moat also—no strip of stagnant water, heavy with viscous weeds, but the roaring and hungry sea.

It is not often that the seagulls' colonies are startled as shown in our picture, or that the sea is in the calm and sunny mood that it wears there; with the wind in the south-west, the sea would be in tumultuous fury, and that mariner in the punt would be reflecting on the nearest quay; and the wind is pretty nearly always in that windy and watery quarter.

STRUMBLE.



FLIGHT OF SEABIRDS FROM THE STACK ROCKS, PEMBROKESHIRE.

F. H. Worley-Brown.

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LET the case-hardened reviewer make a confession of weakness. Charmed in spite of himself by the fascinations of a book which shall remain nameless in this column, he has given to it more space than he intended, and the other new books stand disconsolate on the shelf like wall-flowers in a ballroom. But two of them at least may be dealt with here, since they are reprints; and, important as they both are, a few appreciative words will serve to introduce them anew to the public favour which they richly deserve.

First comes the new edition, admirably equipped by Mr. Edward Arnold, judiciously edited by Sir Herbert Maxwell, of "The Chase, the Road, and the Turf," by "Nimrod." Now "Nimrod" was Charles James Apperley, born in Denbighshire in 1777, educated at Rugby, and as a cornet in Sir Watkin's Ancient Light British Dragoons—surely they should have been called Ancient British Light Dragoons—served in Ireland against the rebels of 1798, of which year no man now fears to speak. For my part I would sooner say 1798 than 1799, but the medical men prefer 1799. Returning from Ireland, Apperley married Miss Wynn, of the historic family of Peniarth, and, living at various centres in the Midlands, hunted as hard as any man could, and devoted himself to every kind of sport and pastime in which horses were involved. The result was something approaching to financial embarrassment.

"Nimrod's misfortunes were the world's gain." Says the clever fabulist of the *Academy*, under the title "The Benign Mother," "Poverty never did any good in the world," cried the reformer. "Yet she appears to have stood in a maternal relation to considerable fine writing," observed the philosopher. Nimrod, unable to meet the expenses of his stable out of his income, "commenced author," and, being the first cultivated English gentleman except Beckford who wrote on fox-hunting, his writings had a tremendous vogue. Had he stuck to hunting and writing, he might have followed hounds to the end of his life; but he tried farming also, and the result was that Beaurepaire, in Hampshire, knew him no more, and he resorted to Calais in bad repair. There he wrote, sixty years ago, for the *Quarterly Review* the three scholarly, thorough, and spirited essays which, with portraits, including one by Maclise, and some spirited illustrations in colour by Henry Alken, form the present volume. All are of the highest order of merit, being instinct with knowledge, humour, and grace of style. The first two, on Chase and Road, are the most entertaining, for some of the gossip concerning the ancient heroes and villains of the Turf grows a trifle musty, but the whole volume is delightful and valuable. In no conventional sense I pronounce it indispensable to every sportsman's library in town and country.

"Through China with a Cam-rra," by John Thomson, F.R.G.S. (Constable), is another new edition with considerable additions in the way of letter-press. Mr. Thomson suggests that if Marco Polo had been able to use the camera his reputation for veracity might have suffered less than it did. A contemporary observes that China is to the modern traveller the same mysterious kingdom that Egypt was to Herodotus, and adds, "The pity of it is that Mr. Thomson is not Herodotus." Nor would Herodotus have been Herodotus, that is to say the most deliberate and delightful liar of all ages, if he had possessed a camera and had tried to support his stories by prints; for the Sun God cannot lie, though sometimes he may distort. Hampered as he was by facts, Mr. Thomson has done remarkably well. A critic has called him "patchy," and then, drawing upon his amusing pages for information, has produced quite a nice little article on the absurdities of the Chinese people. Is it quite fair to abuse an author and to use him in two successive dips of the pen? For my part, I feel gratitude to Mr. Thomson. His pleasant pages and his abundant and well-reproduced illustrations have given me far more knowledge and impressions far more distinct of that strange country than were with me before; and the knowledge has been acquired without a trace of conscious exertion. But the small hours had almost grown large and the night was old when I remembered that the pleasantest book must be put aside at last.

Let us hope that *Literature* has nodded. It announces that Miss Marie Corelli's new look is to be called "The Sins of Christ," and that one of two publishers is to pay £10,000 for the privilege of publishing it. If the report be true, the suggested title is an outrageous insult to the feelings of Christian men and women—an insult which calls for resentment. We are a tolerant people, and the law is easy-going in its ways, but it is doubtful whether this outrage will be permitted.

Poor Mr. Bryce! He wants cheap editions of first-class books by well-known authors, and speaks as though they were not. On the very day on which he spoke, as I pointed out last week, Messrs. Newnes had answered him by producing several such. Within a week Messrs. Macmillan, who must have made up their minds long ago, and cannot be said to be acting on his suggestion, will begin to pour out a stream of cheap books of the character described. "Robbery Under Arms," "Mr. Isaacs," "A Roman Singer," "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest," and "Morrice Buckler"—one need not enumerate the familiar names of the authors—will be part of the stream. Then Messrs. Chatto and Windus are bringing out the late James Payn's "By Proxy" at sixpence. Will that satisfy Mr. Bryce? The plain fact is, that cheap publishing is *par excellence* the feature of the age. Next time Mr. Bryce speaks on a topic of this kind he will be well advised either to acquire an elementary knowledge of facts, or to indulge in witty nothings, like Mr. Andrew Lang, or in aphorisms and epigrams, after the manner of Mr. I. Zangwill.

Among books of promise appearing this week or very soon I note "Rita's" novel "Adrienne," a story of French life; "The Shrouded Face," by Owen Rhoscomyl (Pearson); "James Hain Friswell: A Memoir," by Laura Friswell (Redway); "The Life of W. G. Wills," by Freeman Wills (Longmans); and "The Palmy Days of Nance Oldfield," by Edward Robins (Heinemann).

Books to order from the library:—

- "The Girl at Cobhurst," F. R. Stockton. (Cassell.)
- "Where Three Creeds Meet," I. Campbell Oman. (Richards.)
- "Sowing the Sand," Florence Henniker. (Harper.)
- "A Middy's Recollections," Rear-Admiral Victor Montagu. (Black.)
- "The Golfing Pilgrim," Horace Hutchinson. (Methuen.)

FROM THE PAVILION.

PERHAPS it was not to be expected that Lord Hawke's proposition (that all test matches against an Australian eleven should be under M.C.C. management) would meet with the entire approval of the Surrey Club, and Sir Richard Webster's statement, at the annual general meeting at the Oval, that it was not the intention of the authorities to give up any share in the management of such matches played at Kennington, was evidently to the satisfaction of the meeting. But after all it does seem that we have some little taint on the cricketing honour of the nation which it behoves all to unite cordially in trying to remove. We must all wish to give the next Australian team a "warm" reception, in every sense of the term, and certainly the M.C.C. is most confidently to be relied on for choosing a really representative team, without favour or affection. An interesting incident of that meeting at the Oval was the presentation to Mr. C. W. Alcock of a silver bowl and a purse of £450, in recognition of his twenty-six years of service as the club's secretary.

The chief point of interest in the Somersetshire Colts' match was the opportunity it gave that most finished of batsmen, Mr. Palair, of showing that the winter of the cricketers' discontent had not lost him anything of his power of scoring and defence. Mr. Woods did not bowl remarkably, but of course it was not Mr. Woods' wicket. We see that Mr. Lyttelton, in a latest edition of the popular Badminton cricket book, is emphatic on the lack of "head"—of cunning—in our present bowlers, and there is little doubt that the Australians have the better of our men in this regard. It is the perfect wickets of Australia that have created both the excellence of Australian bowling and fielding and the exasperating patience of Australian batsmen. Only on perfect wickets is it worth the batsman's while to decline every risk and only score when scoring is absolutely safe; and on such wickets it is only by the development of remarkable skill and power that the attack has a chance with the defence.

The successively wet and drying wickets of our early cricket this year put the results a good deal at the mercy of fortune. At one period of a match under such conditions runs come easily, at another they are hard to pick up. Hampshire had a slice of bad luck at Southampton, when playing Lancashire, in the soaking of the wicket on Friday night. It is good, however, to see Captain Wynyard in his fine form so early, and Mr. Hill backing him up so well. But the Lancashire side is a soundly good one—bad to beat. At the Universities no great talent has been shown that had not been shown before. Mr. Hind, the Cambridge freshman, is perhaps to be rated an exception, and may prove a useful bowler, but it is "early days" yet. Mr. Champain has played a good innings, and Mr. Cunliffe can bowl; but these capabilities were no secret.

LONG-SLIP.

ON THE GREEN.

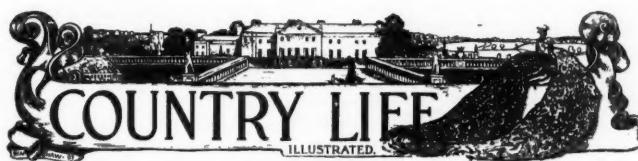
TAYLOR put in a good bit of work on his own old green at Burnham in Somersetshire, beating Braid by a couple of holes. Taylor had all the pull of local knowledge, no doubt, at Burnham; but still Braid has played so well for the past twelve months that it seems a big thing for him to be beaten under any circumstances. Nine of the holes, it is to be presumed, were new to Taylor too, since they have been lately added to make up the total number to the full measure of eighteen. This Burnham is a very good green—better than its fame, perhaps, for it is poked away in a corner, an ugly corner, too, near Weston-super-Mare; but it is a fine course, with bold hazards of the real sand-hill sort. It is a green that takes a lot of playing.

The weather was bad when Braid and Taylor were meeting—when was it not bad, both for golf and cricket, last week? It was dreadful, by all accounts, on the first medal day at Hoylake, where, as usual, Mr. Hilton won. His winning score was 88, which in itself shows what the weather must have been. Mr. Ball was not in the field, but nursing the arm that he strained at Westward Ho! for the big battle for the championship. It was a day such as might have suited Mr. Ball well. Some of his most wonderful feats have been done in a full gale of wind. This was not only a full gale, but it was punctuated by hail and rain at intervals. The local contingent were all together in a bunch, with Mr. Hilton leading, Mr. Dick a stroke behind at 89, Mr. Graham at 90, Mr. Hutchings at 91. The last had a fine chance of winning, for he was out in 44—the hardest half by far. Mr. Hilton was three strokes more out, but Mr. Hutchings got into bad trouble coming home. The second day, the Friday of the meeting, was very different in its weather conditions and infinitely more pleasant. The result was identical—equally pleasant to one only, Mr. H. Hilton, whose score of 79 was a fine steady one and better by three strokes than any other returned. Three strokes worse at 82, three players tied for the second medal—Mr. Ball, whose injured arm at length permitted him to play again, Mr. J. Graham, and Mr. Hornby. The latter's handicap, or rather his lack of handicap, for all the others were penalised men, put him first on the nett score list. On the first day Mr. Montgomery won the first handicap prize, and he too took the prize for best nett aggregate.

The only golfer of first-rate note that seems likely to be out of the amateur championship field is Mr. J. E. Laidlay. We understand that he is suffering from a mild attack of typhoid fever, which never came to a dangerous stage, but will prevent his playing golf for many a month to come. Of course forecasts as to the likely winner are vain things, but there is no doubt that Mr. Hilton, on his own green and in his present fine form, will be hard to beat. Then there is Mr. Ball, who will be as a giant refreshed after his rest; Mr. Graham, who is a longer driver than either Mr. Ball or Mr. Hilton; and Mr. Dick, who is a dangerous man. All these, and several other good ones, will be at home at Hoylake, and it will take a good outsider, whether Mr. Tait, Mr. Balfour-Melville, or any other, to break through this local battalion.

OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION.

OUR frontispiece this week represents the Countess of Dudley, daughter of the late Mr. Charles Gurney, and her children. The Countess of Dudley was married to the Earl of Dudley, whose ancestry goes back to John de Sutton, who was summoned to Parliament in 1342 as Baron Sutton of Dudley, in 1891. The sturdy little boy in the sailor suit is William Humble Eric, Viscount Ednam; of his sisters, the elder, the childlike image of her mother, is Lady Gladys Honour, and the younger is Lady Morvyth Lilian. Lord Dudley's seats are Witley Court, Stourport; Himley Hall, Dudley; and Crogen, near Corwen. His town residence is 7, Carlton Gardens.



**CHE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.**

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

The Dearth of Wheat.

IN 1893, when the average price of wheat for the year was only 2s. 4d., and agriculture was groaning under an apparently endless depression, when the maximum of land was out of cultivation and politicians were at their wits' end to invent measures of relief for farmers, the most acute observer could not have foreseen the situation which has arisen to-day. History has scarcely a parallel for it. There have been many occasions wherein England itself was in greater straits. In 1795 wheat rose to £6 14s. a quarter, and became a luxury far beyond the reach of the poor, who were obliged to make shift with cakes formed of potatoes and turnips, or at the best content themselves with rye or pease and barley meal. During the Napoleonic wars at the beginning of the present century it o.n several occasions rose to 10s. a quarter. These were days of wheat fever when "bull-frogs" ran the plough over down and waste, and marshes were "raared and rembled" into bearing condition, days when fortunes were made out of land, country houses built, and the landed interest was supreme. It will be remembered that the notorious Corn Act passed after the peace of 1815 prohibited the importation of foreign grain till the price rose to 8s. a quarter. As it happened, two shockingly bad harvests followed after this in succession, so that the bearing of the measure was, as it were, forced home on the public intelligence. A wretched harvest in 1846, followed by the Irish potato famine, raised the price to 10s. in 1847, and the Queen has recorded that in that year she was obliged to economise in the Royal Household. After the adoption of Free Trade we had several periods of high prices. The Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny sent them up. So did the Franco-German War, and 1873 is a year memorable for the dearth of wheat. In a very little time came a great change, however. Vast new tracts of wheat-growing land were opened up in the United States and our colonies. To his dismay the British farmer began to realise in the eighties that the extent and quality of his own crops had ceased to determine the price. So enormous were the quantities poured in from abroad that the British produce amounted to only an insignificant fraction of the whole. If this were to continue it was felt that agriculture in this country was doomed. No doubt in the course of generations

it was seen that population was certain to overtake the food supply, but this result was too vague and remote to enter into the practical considerations of the moment. Many are asking now if the peculiar situation that has arisen is likely to modify the factors in the great land question. A few weeks ago farmers at the markets were heard to say they wouldn't wonder if wheat rose to 40s., then it was whispered that it might reach fifty. Those lucky enough to possess any now are holding back till it gets to sixty.

The present crisis is distinguished from those to which allusion has been made by the fact that it applies to nearly every country in Europe. Under Free Trade, whatever hardships may have been imposed on the agricultural interest, consumers have enjoyed the greatest advantage. Buyers in other countries have been handicapped by their Protective Duties, and England has been far and away the best market for producers of wheat. We are now tasting a sample of what will follow from the universal adoption of Free Trade. The entire European harvest was short last year, and dearth extends over the length and breadth of the continent. The Italian disturbances, though due in some measure to more enduring causes, have been brought to a head by dearth of bread. It is the imperative policy of the Government to attract wheat. The rioting in Austria is leading to the same result, and so is the scarcity in Germany. In France, M. Méline has been obliged to repeal the corn duties for a time at least. We have then an enormous widening of the effective demand, all these countries entering into a keen competition with England. It is by a mere accident that this happens simultaneously with the progress of the American-Spanish War. True, the increased freightage and insurance would in any case have caused a rise in the market, but it would have been covered by an advance of a few shillings per quarter. The root of the disturbance lies in the shortness of last year's European harvest. Two questions are naturally suggested by it, firstly—whence is the enlarged demand to be met? secondly, how long will the scarcity last? The former is not difficult to answer. Already we have received considerable shipments from India, and there is still in the United States a large surplus to be disposed of. We cannot blame the Americans for endeavouring to improve the opportunity to the utmost of their ability, or for hanging back till the quotations have reached their highest point. But as Russia, Argentina, and Canada are placing all their available supplies on the market, and as the time for operating is short, the corners of the Yankees will soon have to yield. Unfortunately our own farmers are not in a position to claim any large share of the plunder. Most of them had emptied their never well-filled granaries before the excitement began, and they have little wheat to sell. Indeed, long depression has so impaired their financial position that they cannot afford to wait for the rise. Lucky are the few who have held on, and who will now be able to obtain double what they have been taught by bitter experience to regard as the normal price.

The point of most practical importance to the farmer, however, is in regard to the endurance of this state of things. Does it point to a period of returning prosperity, or is it only the accident of the hour? He would be a bold man who attempted any definite forecast of the future. All that we can be sure of at present is that the scarcity will last till the end of July. Since the sources of supply are known and there can be no cessation of the demand, it is safe to predict that between now and then the price will go up. But the continental countries have withdrawn their Protective Duties only till the young wheat is ready. If the dealers are so ill-advised as to hold back their stocks till then, an immediate drop may be expected. Much, of course, will depend on the harvest, but what that will be no one can tell. The very contradictory reports issued on its prospects so far tell us nothing, since everything depends on the weather of the next two or three months. According to the doctrine of chances, however, there is small likelihood of the widespread shortness of last year. At all events the tendency for two or three seasons past has been to resume the cultivation of wheat on land that had been given up in 1893, so that more will be produced. So far agriculture appears to have touched its nadir in the early nineties, and since then the growers in Manitoba and California, in Argentina and Russia, have been encouraged to devote more attention to wheat. Given an average amount of sunshine then, it would appear certain that we are to have a largely increased supply. But, on the other hand, a very cheap year never succeeds a very dear one. Those who have made a profit out of recent transactions will be in a position to hold back, and having taste.d the satisfaction of making 6s. a quarter, will not readily let it fall back to half that amount. As far as can be judged then from the data at command no important change is likely to occur between now and July. What happens after that will depend on the weather. At the same time we see no grounds for expecting a permanent improvement in prices. The world's wheat-growing capacity is as yet so much in excess of the demand that the effect of applying a stimulus to the farmer's enterprise must be to flood the markets with cheap grain.



HERTFORDSHIRE, although it is so near to London that the great Wen is almost growing into it, is one of the most old-fashioned counties of England. Farm-labourers and others take their "beavers" there as regularly as in ancient times; troublesome villagers are treated to "rough music"; harvesters ask for "largess" when the grain has been gathered in. At Hitchin, the sleepiest of market towns, Rogation Sunday is still the occasion of the ancient and picturesque religious ceremonial of "Praying for the Crops." A surpliced procession of choristers and clergy moves towards the fields and homesteads, hymns are sung, and prayers are offered for a blessing upon the crops. It is true that the crops in those parts look just now as if they stood in no need of prayers; but the persistence in the ancient usage is none the less interesting.

Blessings be upon the heads of the six judges, headed by Lord Russell and dissented from by Mr. Justice Mathew, who have upheld the wise bye-law of the County of Kent which runs:—"No person shall sound or play upon any musical or noisy instrument or sing in any public place or highway within fifty yards of any dwelling-house after being required by any constable or by any inmate of such house personally, or by his or her servant, to desist." It is a pity, perhaps, that the victims of the law should have been a religious organisation who perform their noisy services in the streets of Maidstone; but, after all, religious organisations are the worst offenders, and it is impossible to believe that any good object can be attained by so carrying on religious services as to provoke promiscuous blasphemy.

With reference to the comment on Mr. Leicester Gataker in our last week's notes, and a decision of the Local Government Board's auditor disallowing his fees from the rates, a correspondent has written saying that he has had personal knowledge of Mr. Gataker as a water-finder, and has proved his ability; and not only so, but on the occasion of his professional visit he handed the twig to several of the company, and more than one of them, notably a young girl, were found to possess the water-divining faculty. A further experiment was then made with the rod. Handkerchiefs were laid here and there on the floor; under one of these was laid a sovereign or two; the others were without this golden hoard concealed. On passing over these handkerchiefs with the rod, it immediately, and without fail, indicated the handkerchief under which the gold reposed. This account, which it seems impossible to doubt—indeed, the matter is said to be still open to experiment at any moment—would seem to give proof not only of the faculty of the rod for indicating water, but also that more recondite and alchemistic power credited to it in the Middle Ages, of detecting the subterranean presence of precious metals. Truly the days of the Rosicrucians are not yet past. It is an interesting comment on all this water-divining controversy that such a well-known firm of engineers as Messrs. Merryweather habitually employ the services of a professional water-finder.

Mr. Wilfred Pollock has done good service by writing a vivid account of the horrors of a bull-fight at Madrid. He paints in striking contrast the ferocity of the infuriated bulls, each worth from £40 to £60, and the dejected misery of the horses of the picadors, which he does not value even at the traditional "pound a leg." Eighteen of these decrepit creatures, fit for nothing but the knackers' yard, were gored to death in a single afternoon. As for the horsemanship of the picadors, it consists solely in falling cleverly, and the whole performance of the picador part of the business is one long and revolting piece of cruel and cowardly brutality. This happens, be it noted, in Madrid, where the quality of the bull-fights is reckoned to be high. In the provinces there are further atrocities. A staggering blow is sometimes given to a lively bull as he leaves the pen, so that he is deprived of half his fighting power, and horses that have been half disembowelled are actually sent back again into the ring with wisps of straw stuffed into the gaping wounds. These things are almost too horrible to contemplate, but contemplated they must be if the conscience of Europe is to be roused against this inhuman iniquity.

A curious piece of bad luck befel the Eglinton Hunt in one of the last meets of the season. The mild winter in the West of Scotland had, perhaps, encouraged the foxes to some unusually early efforts in the way of setting up house, for as hounds were passing an old tree stump a vixen put out an indignant mask and snapped at one of them. Early in the year as it was, she was a mother thus injudiciously attempting the defence of her cubs. The inevitable result ensued. Before the possibility of interference, the pack had "chopped" not only the mother, but no less than five out of a fine litter of six cubs. The sixth, we are informed, was saved, but a vixen and five cubs destroyed in some sixty seconds is a heavy loss in a country where foxes are none too plentiful.

Generally the "thief of the world" is better alive to his own interest than this, but the imminent peril of a young family no doubt provoked indiscretion. An instance of sagacious, rather than foolish, courage on the part of a fox fell under the writer's notice in a certain park where was a private golf course. Here in the fork of an old oak tree a fox took up his winter quarters, and appeared to watch the game with a cultivated interest. There were even some that declared they could distinctly see him wink and grin in fiendish delight at a missed putt or tapped drive. The tree was close to one of the teeing grounds, and neither the chat of golfers, nor the click of the ball from the club, nor the attention with which he himself was discussed, nor even the occasional strong language which a modest fox should have blushed to hear, sufficed to drive this hardened old sinner from his perch in the fork of the oak tree. On the approach of spring he took himself off. Probably, like the old Scottish golfers, he does not regard golf as a proper game for summer.

Moffat, where the croquet championship of Scotland was decided for many years, has resolved to resuscitate the pastime, and has fixed upon the third week of July for a series of events. The Scottish tennis championship will be played within the Beechgrove Grounds in the first week of August, to be followed by the third bicycle gymkhana beginning on Tuesday, the 9th August. The Border Counties' ladies' championship will be one of the chief attractions. The wooden bridge having been taken away, the grounds, which this year are in excellent condition, will be better adapted for an extended and attractive programme.

Not at all a bad game for the entertainment of garden parties is that which is being sent out by Messrs. Ayres under the name of croquet-golf. It consists of small wooden balls, small mallets, some narrow hoops and a stick or two, and with the box are sent out instructions for play and for marking out the ground. The object is to send the balls through the hoops and make them hit the sticks in the smallest number of strokes, and it has the advantage over croquet that slight inequalities of the ground increase rather than diminish the interest. A game can be played in about ten minutes, and several couples, as in golf, can play the same round at the same time. Of course it is not intended to compete either with golf or croquet as a scientific game, though it demands nice accuracy of strength and direction; but as a means of keeping a number of people occupied and out of mischief at a garden party, it is certainly better than scientific croquet, and requires but a very small lawn to accommodate it. It is the invention, as we understand, of a certain gallant general, and any profits go in aid of that good institution that rightly falls under the special patronage of military people, the Gordon Boys' Home. We are told that the game is a favourite one at Sandringham.

News of the destruction of the last herd of wild buffalo in Montana has just been brought to Chicago. Owners of several large ranches had done their best to preserve this herd. Their ranchmen and cowboys seconded their efforts, and the herd, originally eight in number, rose to twenty. Five calves were born in one year, and the whole number were "rounded up" and branded, so as to admit them to the protection of other property in cattle. But eighteen months ago a wandering band of Crees Indians came into the district, saw the unaccustomed sight of buffalo, and butchered every member of the herd. Not a single head has been seen in the district since.

The kind of humour which can see a joke which scores off the teller of a story is not common. Wherefore we welcome and quote an amusing "seal case" in America, in which the United States has solemnly given a verdict against itself. Some time ago a tame seal, confined in a pond on Glen Island, near Long Island Sound, New York, escaped into the sea. Being very tame, it allowed itself to be caught by a fisherman, who sold it. Its new owner kept it for some time, and then sent it to the Zoo at Washington. There its previous owner, from whom it had escaped, recognised it, and brought an action to

recover it. The case came up a fortnight ago, and was decided against the plaintiff, on the ground that any wild animal which escapes beyond the control of its temporary possessor becomes wild again, and passes into the possession of any other person who may capture it. This, says *Forest and Stream*, is very sound law, and exactly the same principle on which the arbitrators in the Behring Sea question awarded compensation to the Canadian vessels which were seized for taking possession of seals that were out in the open sea. While on the Aleutian Islands these seals were United States property; out at sea they were not. Four hundred and twenty thousand dollars is the amount of this vote for compensation, passed by the Senate last month.

Ten tons of silkworms' eggs are reported by the British Consul at Batoum to have been brought into that port during 1897, representing a money value of £63,884. The cultivation of the mulberry and the silkworm is destined to be one of the great industries of the lower Caucasus, as of Northern Italy. The bears are said to be the greatest enemies of the trees, which they break down to eat the fruit. Pedigree silkworms are much sought after. Some breeds are renowned for quantity, others for quality, and others for resistance to disease.

Legal questions in connection with shooting usually centre round the enjoyment of the right rather than the possession of the animals when shot. As many shooting agreements and hirings are now being made, and more still will be made during the next few months, our readers would do well to remember: (i.) That unless the owner has expressly reserved his rights, the game and right of sporting belong not to him but to the tenant; (ii.) That unless the tenant has given up this right of sporting by a document under seal, he can continue to exercise this right, even if he has made a verbal agreement to let it and received payment; (iii.) That supposing the tenant to have made such an agreement, and to allow the lessee of the shooting full rights, and to act in a thoroughly honourable way, the sporting lessee cannot even prosecute a poacher, there being no document under seal transferring the sporting right to him.

There are some years in which rook shooting might have been fairly begun before the 11th of May, but this year is a late rather than an early one, in spite of the mild winter, and not a single loquacious young rook, except perhaps in the extreme South and West, will have been out on the branches offering a mark for the rook rifles. And since the gale of that 11th of May, it is certain that there will be fewer young rooks to come out and caw than if that severe sample of weather had not visited us. Thousands, and probably tens of thousands, of the youngsters must have been blown from their swaying nests, though, no doubt, they will have suffered less than had the storm come a few weeks earlier, before their powers of clutching were so far developed. The young rook wounded by a rifle bullet hangs to his branch by one toe with a tenacity that survives his death, but they do not seem to understand the use of their claws nearly as well before they begin to take promenades on the boughs about the nests.

The fruit trees, it is to be feared, will have suffered a deal from the beating of the storm. The bloom will perhaps have been off, and the fruit in process of "setting" in the Kentish cherry orchards; and plum trees should be all right. But the later flowering fruit trees must have suffered woeful damage, and in the North even the earlier kinds will not have escaped. In places there have been very heavy hailstorms and rainstorms accompanying the gale, but luckily they came a week or two too early to harm young coveys. Still, it was a deplorable visitation.

Rather better fishing weather has been our fortune lately, some water in the rivers, and yet not a mud-spate. But, of course, we are at the moment of writing "between the two flies"—March Brown and May-fly, in a good deal of the land. On the "Gnannom" rivers the sport has been moderate. March Browns have appeared in unusually small numbers this year—the reason no man can say, but can guess; and the commonest guess is that the cold nights have been against them. Nevertheless the May-fly is early this year, already on the dance in favoured places.

The time has about come when one may fairly make a rough and ready kind of reckoning of the spring salmon angling. On the whole, it may be said that sport has been up to the average. Locally, on the other hand, it has been very variable, a catch above the average in some rivers being balanced by less good fortune in others, and this with no reason that we can very plainly see to account for the variation. Thus the Blackwater fishing has been perhaps above, that on the Shannon decidedly below, the average. The Border Esk again, and the Eden, both running out at virtually the same estuary, have yielded very different results to the angler, the former river having afforded most poor sport and the latter exceeding expectations. The

ways of salmon are hard to fathom. Something is said, by way of explanation, about a shifting sand-bank at the Esk's mouth, but it does not prove itself to satisfaction. The net-fishing has not been up to the mark, the early floods and the open winter having encouraged fish to come up before these wholesale gentlemen got to work. The next event of interest for the salmon fisher generally is the run of grilse to be looked for in June. Trout rivers have been, as a rule, low and weedy, but the great lakes, such as Loch Leven and Vyrnwy, have given very fair sport, though the size of the fish seems scarcely to run as high as in some years. On the Welsh lake we hear nothing of the complaint, so common in regard to imported Loch Levens, that they decline after a while to rise to fly.

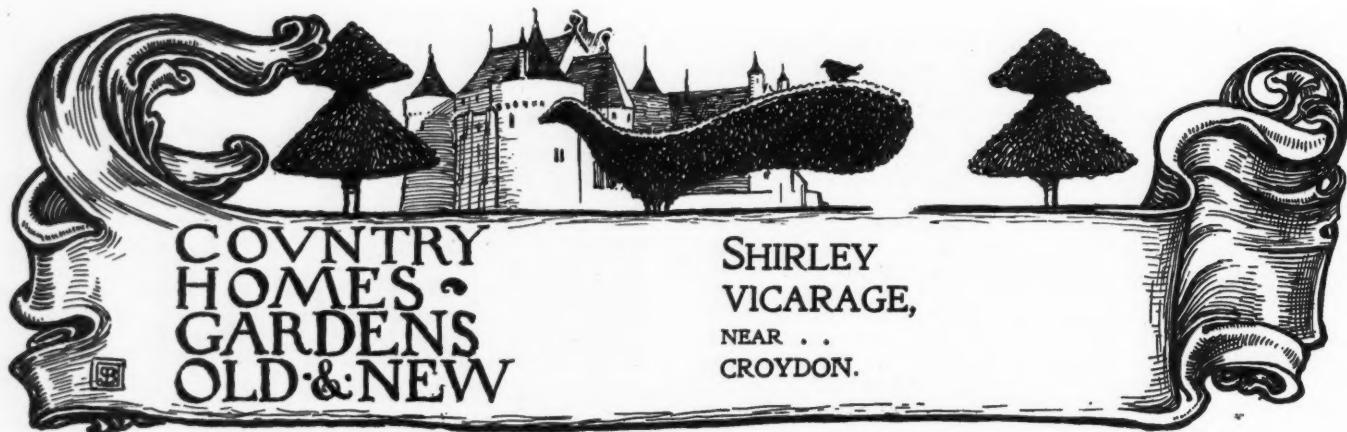
Seeing that there certainly is this disposition in Loch Leven trout, one or two owners of lakes have taken to putting in "gillaroo" trout. These are fine fish and good fighters—not as desperate, however, as the "ferox," but they have the same disposition to sulk and feed in the depths rather than on the surface that both "ferox" and big Loch Levens show.

The difficulties which would-be improvers of Irish angling have to combat are exemplified by the experience of Mr. Moreton Frewen, of Innishannon, County Cork, who has a hatchery, and has been turning his attention to the introduction of the rainbow trout in his district. A number of fine healthy fry had been successfully hatched, but one night recently some maliciously disposed person or persons turned off the water, and most of the fry were destroyed.

We notice that there are already some green wasps about, and this is noteworthy, not so much because it is very early for them to appear, but rather because one is puzzled to guess where they can have come from. Last year there scarcely seemed to be a wasp in the world, though in the previous summer they had been so plentiful as to be a positive plague in some places. But last year was a virtual blank as regards wasps. Whence therefore come our queens of this year? But insects are so apparently capricious in their appearances and disappearances—at all events the causes that govern them are so obscure—that one has almost ceased to wonder at anything that they do or leave undone. How curious are the septennial appearances of the "Clouded Yellow" butterflies. The seventh year in which they are due again to appear is almost at hand now; for 1892 was the last year of their appearance in great numbers, so that, according to the accepted cycle, they should be with us again in 1899. The present spring, so far, has been entomologically remarkable for a great plenty of the "Brimstones"—no doubt fellows that have lived in a happy state of dormancy through the past mild winter. A butterfly, recently quite common, that seems to be growing rarer is the "Large Garden White."

It is always pleasant to read a defence of the birds as the gardener's friends. It is scarcely possible to be a countryman and yet not a bird-lover; but one loves one's plums and cherries, and the just compromise between birds and fruit is hard to arrive at. So it pleases one to read an eloquent defence of the small bird as a friend to the fruit in a recent number of *Gardening*. The contributor is a Fellow of the Zoological Society. One of his arguments is very nice. He says that the birds are Nature's pruners; that if your bullfinches did not pick out every other bud as it approaches maturity, the tree would be so overburdened by its flower production that it would not have sufficient vigour for fruit production. This is the most delightful theory we have yet come across. It is comparatively a small matter whether we have cherries or whether we have bullfinches; but what is a great matter is that we should have a contented mind. Heretofore it had been difficult for us to attain that blessed equanimity while we saw the birds pecking off what we deemed to be potential cherries. We even grew nearly angry. But now all that is entirely changed. We can view the bullfinch with unmixed delight—with the delight that we take in his own beauty, and further, in the satisfaction of contemplating him saving us the wages of a gardener, pruning our tree of its superfluous buds, allowing all the requisite vigour to go to the production of our prime cherries.

In the dry time of our early spring there was a good deal of trouble with the hatching out of the poultry. The shells, in spite of occasional moistening, had grown so dry. There was not a little risk that, in a minor degree, the hatch out of the partridges might suffer from the same cause, which undoubtedly affects them; but some nice warm damp at the most crucial time came to their aid. With the backwardness of the growth of the hedgerows their nests were more than usually exposed, too, to any casual or professional marauder. But for partridge-shooting you are more dependent on the goodwill of your tenant farmer than the utmost vigilance of your watchers, and with that goodwill secured the danger of exposed nests amounts to little.



MANY happy hours have been spent by the writer in the sweet parsonage gardens of England. A peaceful, hallowed art is gardening, and lovingly pursued in those secluded retreats of the village parson, who in the culture of some cherished flower finds both recreation and study. The Dean of Rochester, the Very Rev. S. Reynolds Hole, president of the National Rose Society, recalls days of unbounded joy in his vicarage garden at Caunton, where the queenly rose held her court and bid her noblest children enter the lists in the annual tournament of flowers—tournaments of fragrant petals stained with colour from Nature's palette.

We dislike catalogues of names, and must not write of the many country clergymen who work diligently in the world of flowers; but there is one to whom we introduce the readers of *COUNTRY LIFE*—the Rev. W. Wilks, for the past eighteen years

Our illustrations reveal its character, that of a pretty parsonage home, irregular and artistic, a sweep of velvety turf upon which medlar, quince, apple, cedars, and scarlet oak cast their shadows. There is no formal gardening here, no flower-beds blazing with exotic colouring, no straining after effects, no expensive and elaborate designs—simply the finer perennials and trees, a few from distant lands, but only enough to enhance the beauty of our old home favourites, planted in such a way as to reveal their characteristic beauty. It is a paintable garden. We learn the lesson, too, that the apple, medlar, and other homely trees dear to every country British child are more fascinating than wellingtonias and such-like, which only serve to remind one of the German toy boxes and Noah's Ark trees of our childhood's days. On the sunny May day when we visited Shirley, tender leaf and flower coloured the brown branches, and daffodil blossoms danced in the



Hudson & Kearns

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A SIMPLE LAWN GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the vicar of the pretty village of Shirley, near Croydon, and since 1857 secretary to the Royal Horticultural Society.

Mr. Wilks is a worthy vicar, a good gardener, and keen man of business, three attributes seldom associated, but we know his record and write this without any desire to unduly extol his virtues. The vicarage garden of Shirley is in truth a charming parsonage retreat, surrounded for the most part by hedges of holly—healthy, leafy, and we think unrivalled in their way, reaching from 10ft. to 14ft. in height and 8ft. through, splendid evergreen screens.

A sense of disappointment steals over one when approaching the road-front of the vicarage. The house from this side appears bare and comfortless, and we see nothing of the quaint garden that creeps up to the wallflower-scented verandah shown in one of our illustrations. It is almost unnecessary to describe the garden.

warm wind, though sheltering round the hole. Climbers clothe the house with their foliage, and in the verandah under which the vicar is seen resting, bright yellow and crimson-brown wall-flowers were gaily flowering. One feels a keen sense of freedom in this artistic garden, without pattern, ugly beds, or wriggling walks to disturb its simple charms. Forty years ago it was an open corn-field, but a fertile soil, and good gardening quickly altered the face of the land; and one might suppose a parsonage garden had existed for a century at least in this warm and sheltered spot. A walk runs round the outskirts of the lawn, but is hidden from view when looking across the rising sward from the snug verandah to the woodland beyond.

Trees and shrubs of many different forms gladden the garden, and there is no monotony. Leaving the verandah and walking across sharply to the right, a leafy walk offers its grateful

shade. Here, screened from hot suns, many interesting hardy flowers spread out into broad groups, rejoicing in the damp shady borders. Hardy ferns are unfolding their fronds of tender green, anemones of various kinds, *A. Robinsoniana*, *A. apennina* and others, hold their delicate flowers above the nest of leaves, and the white wood lily (*Trillium grandiflorum*) and *Primula Sieboldi* blossom freely. The writer thinks that in few gardens are opportunities sufficiently seized to make little homes for plants that need certain conditions to acquire full vigour. The shady borders in this leafy walk seem made for hardy ferns, the Spanish scillas, primroses, dog's-tooth violets, trilliums, and pretty families of flowers, which seek in their natural homes the shade and shelter of copse or bank.

Near this shady walk a gate leads across the meadow to a charming natural woodland, which in the fulness of spring resounds with the song of birds. It comprises ten acres, and in its recesses one seems far removed from human habitation, a network of grassy paths winding artlessly through the groves of low shrubs, from which springs here and there some picturesque Scotch fir or graceful larch, distilling its fragrance in the clear air. It was a happy thought to intersect the copses with little paths to create an impression of larger acreage than actually exists, and open up spots of simple woodland beauty. A "lane" of common thorn, when we visited Shirley, was in its dress of dainty green, and in the walk extending the entire length of the woodland the colouring of spring was revealed in the new-born leaf, against which the Scotch fir stood out darkly.

On the east side of the house, surrounded with the glorious holly hedges of which we have written, is the so-called kitchen garden, but undergoing a rapid change from its former self. Mr. Wilks encroaches yearly upon the utilitarian plots of useful esculents, the onward march of daffodils, paeonies, phloxes, irises,



Copyright

A WOODLAND WALK.

"C.L."

The writer has seen many Shirley poppies, and more delicate in colouring and grace than even the airy columbine with its many hues. In the garden at Shirley was one large group of spring-sown plants, not long through the ground, but in another place were those from autumn-sown seed, which were showing flowers. It is the practice to put twiggy sticks to the plants for support. Heavy rains and strong winds level the stems to the ground, and spoil the delicately-textured flowers. One may gather many useful hints in this garden. Phloxes, of which Mr. Wilks has a splendid collection, are grown between the asparagus beds. The object of this is to give shade and moisture to the phlox



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SHIRLEY VICARAGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and Shirley poppies occupying the ground, until flowers will everywhere spread themselves over this parsonage garden. It was in this plot that the Shirley poppies had their birth, and throughout the world, we may truthfully relate, these dainty flowers are grown. Nothing so fragile and tender in colour exists; flowers poised on slender stems, and like some pretty sea-shell in their variations of pink and rose. This strain or race, whichever one is pleased to call it, is the result of painstaking selection over many years from our field poppy. The poppy of the corn-field will sport into other colours, and this suggested to Mr. Wilks that these departures from the normal type were capable of improvement. Harsh colours were rigidly excluded, every flower (however beautiful otherwise) showing any single spot or mark of black being at once rejected, and only those of pleasing shades, rose, scarlet, and flowers with soft tones melting into each other, retained to create a race of useful garden plants. To every member of the Royal Horticultural Society who cares to apply, Mr. Wilks sends a packet of seed; but to preserve the race in its pristine purity, every flower of poor colour which occurs should be destroyed before the bees have carried its bad qualities into other forms.

decorations composed wholly of Shirley poppies, and more delicate in colouring and grace than even the airy columbine with its many hues. In the garden at Shirley was one large group of spring-sown plants, not long through the ground, but in another place were those from autumn-sown seed, which were showing flowers. It is the practice to put twiggy sticks to the plants for support. Heavy rains and strong winds level the stems to the ground, and spoil the delicately-textured flowers. One may gather many useful hints in this garden. Phloxes, of which Mr. Wilks has a splendid collection, are grown between the asparagus beds. The object of this is to give shade and moisture to the phlox

roots, which rejoice in a cool damp soil, the feathery asparagus foliage sheltering the roots from hot suns. Over 100 varieties of Chinese paeony find a home here, and pleasant is it to see the crimson shoots breaking through the brown earth. There is much beauty in this rich colouring of the young growth, intensified when associated with daffodil and yellow primrose. Hyacinths and tulips were in full flower, and this strong break originated from a stock Mr. Wilks possessed fifteen years ago. We have seldom seen finer spikes in the open ground, and the foliage was broad and strong. This surely is witness to the fact that bulbs may be increased and cultivated as well here as in Holland, and the beds of daffodils show, too, their love for good English soil. There is a collection of about fifty varieties, those splendid trumpet kinds, Empress, Emperor, and Grandis, bearing bold flowers upon stems fully 18in. in height, with leaves 1½in. in width. No artificial manure is given beyond a little bone meal in autumn and early spring. Mr. Wilks has raised several seedling daffodils, one named Cressida being much prized, an Ajax variety, of rich colour, and with bold, finely-frilled trumpet.

A fruit house is worthy of mention, because it shows how much fruit may be obtained when the trees are skilfully grown. It is 40ft. by 18ft., and devoted chiefly to peaches and nectarines, of which 100 dozen fruits were gathered last year. The Lord Napier nectarine is a favourite, but a long succession is maintained by growing early, mid-season, and late kinds. Brugmansias were flowering freely, and these will adorn the verandah in summer time with their big white fragrant flowers.

One of our illustrations is of a Beurré Hardy pear tree, a pyramid, if such we may call it, 15ft. or so in height, and in rude health. This is the outcome of careful pruning, opening out the centre of the tree to let in air and sun to the branches; but our picture depicts its character, that of a perfectly trained tree, fruitful and handsome. It may be taken as a type of the way Mr. Wilks prunes his trees.

The visitor to this parsonage garden will revel in the broad borders of roses, starworts, and hardy flowers, and in winter time will be told that the border facing the study window is filled with pot shrubs—variegated ivies in the throng—to hide the bare earth. In May they are removed to permit the perennials to expand. Near by the branches of a weeping ash kiss the turf, and apple shoots bend over evergreen shrubs with the weight of their flower clusters; but we have written sufficiently of this garden to tell our readers how sweet and homely is its flower and shrub and tree life. As one walks across from the vicarage to the churchyard the eye wanders over pretty rural scenery, the village nest-



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A PATTERN OF WISE PRUNING.

"C.L."

ling amidst woodland, with here and there a red-tiled cottage breaking in upon the view. Shirley rises sharply from the surrounding country, and to its village church come the residents of the districts of Croydon and Addiscombe upon summer evenings. The churchyard is famed for the beauty of its situation and the loving care with which it is tended. It will interest readers of COUNTRY LIFE to know that the father and mother of Ruskin rest here in a tomb recalling "The Stones of Venice." Ruskin's inscription is characteristic. Of his father he wrote, "Here rests from day's well-sustained burden John James Ruskin. . . . He was an entirely honest merchant, and his memory is to all who keep it dear and helpful. His son, whom he loved to the uttermost and taught to speak truth, says this of him." Of his mother he writes, "Here beside my father's body I have laid my mother's. Nor was dearer earth ever returned to earth, nor purer life recorded in heaven. . . ."

Our final words concerning Shirley parsonage garden and its vicar are that Mr. Wilks may long remain to guide his parish and the society which through his valiant efforts he has snatched from dissolution. His health is seldom satisfactory, but we wish him years of joy in possession of his garden and his host of friends.



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BORDERS OF SHADE-LOVING FLOWERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE WISTARIAS.

COLOURING many a garden in early summer is the Wistaria, whose lilac flower clusters garland wall, arbour, and tree. There is more than one kind, although this may appear incorrect from the constant repetition of the Chinese *W. sinensis*. The white variety *alba* is little known, but it is a pretty dwarf tree or shrub, whichever one is pleased to call it, bearing pure white clusters, less freely however than in the type. It requires also a rather warmer position. A double variety should be avoided—it is monstrosity. *W. multiflora* seldom flowers, but when it deigns to do so, one delights in the long racemes, sometimes 2ft. in length.

A NEW CLIMBING ROSE.

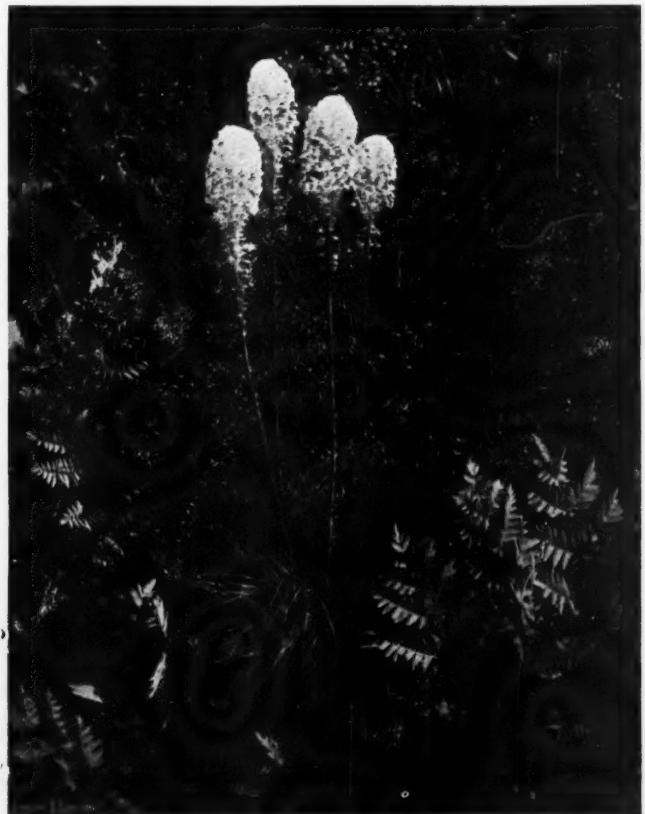
It is of course not easy to judge of a new Rose from plants grown in pots, especially when these have been produced under glass, but the new climbing Rose named *Psyche* will, we think, prove a useful addition to the rambling varieties. It is a cross between the polyantha Rose *Golden Fairy* and the now popular Crimson Rambler, so much thought of for its vigour and freedom. *Psyche* is apparently extremely vigorous, and bears a profusion of flower clusters as bold as those of the Crimson Rambler. The expanded flowers are of a pretty blush colour, the buds of a deeper shade and as dainty as those of the hedge Rose. We look forward to seeing this Rose in the garden covering arbour, pillar, and pergola with its fresh-coloured sweetly-perfumed flowers. This Rose was exhibited by the raisers, Messrs. George Paul and Sons, the Old Nurseries, Cheshunt, at the last meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society, and awarded a certificate of merit.

HARDY FLOWERS IN BEDS OF SHRUBS.

A very charming way of growing hardy flowers is amongst or near to shrubs. In many gardens there are large masses of Rhododendrons, Kalmias, Azaleas, and Skimmias grouped upon the grass, and when not too closely placed Lilies may be grown between them to relieve the surface of greenery in the summer and autumn months. This way of planting Lilies is more familiar than growing dwarf perennials by the margin of the bed. In such a position as this the White Wood Lily (*Trillium grandiflorum*) is happy, also the Grape Hyacinths (*Muscari*), Spring Starflower (*Tritileia uniflora*), Primroses, the blue kinds in particular, the Heaths, Shortia galacifolia, the pretty little Partridge Berry (*Gaultheria procumbens*), Summer Snowflake, American Cowslips, Dog's-tooth Violets (*Erythronium Dens-canis*), Scillas, Snake's-head Fritillary, Chionodoxas, such wind-flowers as *Anemone apennina*, *Robinsoniana*, the early-flowering *Blanda*, *Nemorosa*, Winter Aconite, and the Hepaticas, all of which enjoy the partial shade and moisture afforded by these peaty beds.

THE TURKEY'S BEARD.

One seldom sees this interesting plant and beautiful too when in full flower, as our illustration depicts. Very few illustrations have appeared of this Asphodel-like flower, and therefore we have pleasure in showing a characteristic specimen of it, the photograph having been taken in Mr. Wilson's garden at Wisley. The Turkey's Beard requires a moist shady place, as it is found in the Pine barrens of North America. One may compare the plant to an elegant grass, from which spring the tall flower stems, the creamy white flowers clustered into a dense spike, as shown in the illustration.



Ward.

THE TURKEY'S BEARD (*Xerophyllum asphodeloides*).

Copyright.

THE ORCHISES.

At this time, in lush meadow-lands, the purple Orchis lifts its spikes above the grass, and on chalky downs many other Orchids are in blossom. The Orchises, however, are very pretty in the garden, and one of the most handsome of hardy plants is *O. foliosa*, which is, however, not a native of these Isles, but came to us from Madeira. This is a perennial worth growing even in pots, but it is best seen in moist, sheltered places on the rock garden, or in some shady bed. It grows about 2ft. in height, and the rose purple spotted flowers are borne in dense spikes. The Marsh Orchis (*O. latifolia*) is a familiar native plant with purple flowers, and a beautiful form of it is called *sesquipedalis*. *O. laxiflora*, *O. pyramidalis*, *O. mascula*, and *O. maculata*, which is a common native species, known by its spotted leaves and handsome flowers, are pretty too. When *O. maculata* is grown in a moist bed in the rock garden it produces an abundance of ample leaves. A bold group of it will give pleasure in the early summer, and the flowers vary in colour and size. It is very interesting to see a collection of native Orchises well grown, as all are in their way beautiful.

THE MOCCASIN FLOWER.

The Moccasin Flower (*Cypripedium spectabile*) is the finest hardy Orchid, though, of course, not a native. It comes from the bogs and woodlands of America, and in peaty, moist soil, where the Trilliums and Orchises thrive, this Lady Slipper will develop into a healthy group. The leaves are handsome and bold, and a strong group will send up a wealth of spikes, the flowers of pretty shape and clear in colour—white, with a rosy suffusion on the lip. Some kinds have a mere suspicion of colour, others are quite pure.

THE SPANISH SCILLA AND BLUEBELLS.

We have written on a previous occasion of these flowers in COUNTRY LIFE, but their beauty in the garden at this time recalls how much is lost to woodland and border by not planting broad groups to get the full effect of the flower colouring. The varieties of *S. campanulata* are very strong, not weakly bulbs that require tender treatment. These increase yearly, forming in time luxuriant masses, which produce a wealth of flowers like those of the Bluebell, but stronger and larger. The type which has deep blue flowers is very pretty beneath the shade of deciduous trees, by shady walks, and in borders. Flowers of this colour produce a similar effect to the Bluebell of our woods, a thousand flowers veiling the earth with blue and scented the air. All the varieties are strong in growth; the white kind (*alba*) is very pure, and its spikes are useful to cut for the house, and *rosea* is pleasing. The varieties of the Bluebell (*S. nutans*) are of many colours—white, delicate blue, a deeper shade, and rose.

A NEW SHRUB.

We have received from Messrs. Fisher, Son, and Sibray, of the Royal Nurseries, Handsworth, Sheffield, flowers of a double variety of the well-known *Berberis stenophylla*, which they name *flore-pleno*. The type is beautiful, but this perfectly double variety is even more so, the flowers of the richest yellow colour and long-lasting. Frequently doubling a flower means spoiling it; not so, happily, in this case. Amongst dwarf shrubs, few, if any, are showier at the present season than the Berberises; and the majority grow almost anywhere.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We gladly help readers desirous of information about gardening in any of its branches.

CYCLING NOTES.

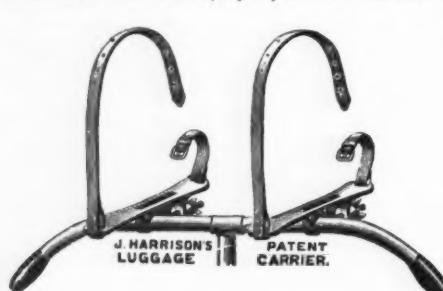
WHILLY Whitsuntide quite imminent, many cyclists will be meditating a more or less extended journey awheel, and among them will be some who will be facing for the first time the problem of how best to carry luggage on tour. It is undeniably a difficult problem, and a man must necessarily have gone through successive stages of experiment before finally deciding what is the most suitable. Much depends, of course, upon the amount of luggage he wishes to take, according to his individual preference and the length of his journeys. For the benefit, however, of those whose opportunities of experiment have been few, and for those who may shortly be tasting the joys of touring for the first time, I venture to enumerate the best ways of carrying luggage as they present themselves to one who has toured many thousands of miles, in all parts of Great Britain and in several continental countries.

Until a comparatively recent date, the methods open to the cyclist were three in number. There was the handle-bar, the interior of the diamond frame, and the place in front of the steering column immediately over the front wheel. The latter is now little used, and for some time past, indeed, the other two methods have been universal. A third one has come into vogue, however, owing to the invaluable invention known as Turner's Bi-carrier. This is a rectangular wire frame, which clips on to the back stays of the machine, and will carry even a heavy load over the driving wheel in perfect security.

To deal with the handle-bar first, however, the two things to be borne in mind are that it should not be overloaded, and also that whatever is attached thereto should be rigidly secured. It is not sufficient merely to strap the water-proof-leather wrappings, which are so widely sold, directly on to the handle-bar; it will be a source of perpetual annoyance, and will not only be shifting about laterally and affecting the equilibrium of the machine, but will also be constantly bumping up and down and be a source of much nervous irritation. Some species of light frame is essential to the safe carrying of any luggage on the handle-bar, and one of the best of these is undoubtedly the Lucas "Bundle" Carrier, illustrated herewith. It is very light, but strong, and is clipped to the bar by two bands, tightened by a screw, in the same manner as the majority of bags are now fixed also.



Very similar is Lamplugh's "Carry-All," which serves exactly the same purpose, and will also carry a pump as well. An older form, but both cheap and useful, is Harrison's Luggage Carrier, consisting of two transverse bars, with straps attached. The first two may preferably remain on the handle-bar throughout the tour, even if not used at the start, but reserved for the additional luggage one sometimes gathers by purchase or otherwise before the tour is over, or



for carrying a coat or waistcoat which the heat of the noonday sun may have induced the rider to doff. The third form of carrier, however, as it can be packed in less space, may be kept in reserve, if one starts off without placing anything on the handle-bar, and need only be brought out as required.

Coming to the diamond frame, the use of the valise, once so general, is likely to be less popular as time wears on. This is due in part to the universal use of narrow treads on all modern machines, and also in part to the invention of the back-wheel carrier. In the days when the crank axle measured 8in. from end to end, or even the 6in. length which was for a short time in vogue, a rider could pack his valise and still pedal in comfort. Now, however, that anything wider than a tread of 5 1-8in. is rarely seen, it is impossible to use the valise except by robbing it of half its utility; that is to say, by only filling it for half its length, and keeping the rear portion as flat as possible; otherwise the knees will chafe against the sides of the valise, and severe cramp will also result from the rider's efforts to avoid this contact.

The most effective method of flattening the rear portion of the bag is to bore three holes through both sides, and pass long paper fasteners through; three of these should suffice. It is a great waste of space, however, especially as the most useful portion of the valise is necessarily that at the rear, as its capacity increases in direct ratio to its distance from the steering column. A better plan still is to use a valise that does not fill the entire frame; in other words, instead of buying one with three straps, the smaller size, which can be obtained at Gamage's, or any good accessory dealer's, with two straps only, should be resorted to. If secured close up to the head, this will not interfere with the free working of the knees, and will hold as much as the larger pattern abbreviated in the manner I have described.

A word in passing is necessary for those who do elect to use the larger valise and either flatten it at the rear or avoid contact by adopting a very backward position on the saddle. I refer to the use of a lock or clasp for the central fastening. This is a great nuisance, as it does away with the conspicuous advantage of the adjustability of the straps. With three straps, one may so pack one's luggage as to allow the maximum amount of extension to be at the front, rather less in the middle, while the rear strap should be drawn tightly. With a lock, however, or clasp, no play is available, and in practice this will be found more inconvenient than may appear to be the case on paper.

As regards the back wheel, Turner's Bi-carrier is an undoubted boon. So far as weight goes, it will stand far more than the tourist is likely to need. In point of bulk, however, it would be difficult, without one "travelled" in hardware, to pack enough weight on the frame to test its capacity, and clothing, or other items of the tourist's impedimenta, would be impossibly voluminous if piled on to a like extent. Of course, with a waterproof wrapper, any style of bundle may be made up and secured to the straps; but the simplest method is to use the Turner valise, a remarkably ingenious and compact arrangement of receptacles. This method is peculiarly valuable for ladies, who, even if they desired a central valise, would be unable, of course, to use it.

The amount of luggage required is a matter for the individual rider to determine; but a point which may be mentioned in this connection is the desirability of distributing the weight as much as possible all over the machine. If the journey is to be a protracted one, and a good deal of luggage is required, the handle-bar, the diamond frame, and the back wheel may all perform their duty; but, even if not absolutely essential, it is preferable to utilise both the back and front at least. The bi-carrier should contain the bulk of the outfit, leaving a moderate amount for the handle-bar, and sufficient option with the latter to enable surplus outer garment or anything one may be temporarily carrying to be fastened there. It is wonderful what a saving of trouble the presence of the handle-bar carrier involves; and it is decidedly worth fastening to one's machine before starting on a tour, even if all one's luggage is contained on another part of the frame. At some time or other before the journey is over the rider will be grateful for the presence of the handle-bar carrier.

THE PILGRIM.



"Too Much Johnson."

MORE America. Here we have a piece that is not a good piece made attractive, wholly interesting, because of the attraction and interest of a personality. "Too Much Johnson" is not a great farce, but it is irresistible, because Mr. William Gillette is concerned in the representation of it. The Garrick Theatre is filled by one man.

It is a very curious thing this power of Mr. Gillette. There is not in all London a more fascinating and magnetic actor; yet there is not in all London a more striking proof of the theory that acting is not, properly speaking, an art; or, if it is an art at all, that it is not to be compared in importance with painting, or music, or literature. For here we have a gentleman who is extraordinarily interesting and convincing who absolutely does not act. And his charm and power come from the fact that he does not act. It is because he is so quiet and realistic and natural that he has achieved so great a reputation in London.

It may be argued that this calmness, this reserve, this *sang froid*, is acting at its highest. So it may be. But that only drives home my contention; for these attributes are Mr. Gillette's own—they are part and parcel of his personality. There is no study, no course of training necessary to their development, as in the case of the work of a painter or a composer. It seems very wonderful to look at this calmness, this equanimity in the midst of the excitement and bustle of the farce. It is so engrossing that we forget the actor is not really excited or embarrassed or nonplussed for a moment; that it has all been carefully rehearsed, that he knows perfectly well what is coming. But it is so admirably presented that we are carried away by it, and imagine that Mr. Gillette is really the man he is playing, that he really is in a tight hole, that his fibs and his resource are things of the moment. This is because it is all so astonishingly well done.

In anything else but acting, these fine effects could not be gained by the personality of the artist. They could only be gained after years of study, training, preparation. In the case of Mr. Gillette, they are the effect of his own personality, his distinction of bearing, his pleasant appearance, his charm as a man. There is nothing to prevent another, his equal in distinction, charm, and intelligence, doing exactly the same thing. It is because there are so very few with his qualities and attributes as a private individual that he holds—and deservedly holds—the position, as an actor, he has to-day.

It comes to this. That while in the real arts personality counts for nothing, the work for everything; that the fact of a painter or composer being tall, and elegant, and generally attractive, does not matter; in acting it is responsible for nearly all. Necessarily, these must be backed by intelligence; but not intelligence of a particular kind, as in the arts, but a general intelligence, such as is expected of the successful man in real life. That is all I set out to prove. I share to the full the great admiration felt for Mr. Gillette by artistic and discriminating playgoers; he is a fine actor. All I wish to argue is, on general principles, that acting is not an art in the full meaning of the term.

Because of the playing of Mr. Gillette, and almost equally because of the fine playing of Mr. Joseph Brennan, "Too Much Johnson" is a piece to be seen. A better foil to the cool Augustus Billings than the ogre-like and apoplectic Johnson could not be devised. The calm reality of the one and the ferocious conduct and appearance of the other lend to the farce from time to time the nature of tragedy. We feel positively anxious for Billings and his companions to quit Santiago de Cuba, to escape from the murderous designs of Johnson. And there is quite an intensity of dread when we see the imperturbable Billings delay his departure, and quietly dawdle away when we want him to rush as fast as he can while he has the chance. This strenuous

effect is almost unparalleled in farce, and it is due entirely to the acting of Mr. Gillette and Mr. Brennan. Mr. Brennan's picture of the unbridled planter, terrible of aspect and murderous of temper, is really a very fine study—exaggerated, as is necessary in farce, but true, real, natural, all the same.

I will not trouble to tell you the story. It is the old story of a flighty husband whose flirtations land him in a mire of lying and deception from which he only extricates himself after a series of extraordinary adventures. But, unlike many farces on this theme, "Too Much Johnson" is perfectly clean and harmless. It is much more than this, because of the acting. The tenderness and charm of the moment where Billings comes to the conclusion that he has treated his wife rather badly, and that it is not quite fair of him, must be seen to be understood. It is played with infinite delicacy by Mr. Gillette, who has that strangely American power of expressing a volume in half a dozen words. Indeed, on this occasion, there are no words at all, but we understand as clearly as though we heard, what is passing in his mind. It is a moment of purest sentiment, shown by manner and expression of feature, not by words.

The remaining characters are all exceptionally well presented, the company having that completeness of *ensemble* and single-heartedness of purpose—they act for the piece, not for themselves—which seem to be the trade mark of the actor on the other side of the Atlantic.

B. L.

DRAMATIC NOTES.



Window and Grove,
MISS KATE TERRY AND MISS MABEL LEWIS.
Baker Street, W.

THE return of Miss Kate Terry (Mrs. Lewis) to the stage, after a retirement of thirty years, made the first performance at the Globe Theatre of Mr. Stuart Ogilvie's play, "The Master," even more interesting than it would have been otherwise. When Miss Terry, thirty years ago, became Mrs. Lewis, she bade a farewell to public life that was intended to be permanent—and it lasted sufficiently long almost to deserve that title; about thirty times as long as the general run of theatrical "farewells."

Miss Terry and her daughter, Miss Mabel Terry Lewis, give to the present programme at the Globe a more than ordinary charm to us all—to those who knew the mother years ago and are glad to renew an acquaintance which recalls so many pleasant evenings at the playhouse, and who welcome another addition to the great dramatic family of Terry in the person of the charming Miss Lewis, who, on this occasion, made what was practically her *début*. Miss Kate Terry, when she retired, was in the heyday of her fame, one of the most popular actresses of her time. To us others, who did not know her then, her reappearance gives the pleasant experience of making the acquaintance of a lady of whom we have so often heard our fathers speak. Her daughter is a regular chip of the old block, and should have a very bright future, for she has the charm that seems inherent in all her people.

Please to remember that those who are fortunate enough to be present at the performance on the first-night at Daly's Theatre of the successor to "The

"Geisha" will see a show that will be of surpassing loveliness, if nothing else. Mr. George Edwardes has sworn to eclipse all his former efforts—and we know how splendid they have been. We are to be taken back to the days of ancient Rome, which, what with "Julius Caesar" at Her Majesty's and "The Greek Slave" (temporary title) at Daly's, is having a pretty good innings just now.

Mr. Edwardes says—and he ought to be a good judge—that Mr. Sidney Jones, the chief composer of "The Geisha," has surpassed himself in his new score, and that Mr. Owen Hall, the author, has provided the most dramatic story he has written. If this be so, then the new piece will be an assured success, though "The Geisha" will want a lot of living up to. The scenes pass in a necromancer's house in Rome, and in a palace in Southern France—to give the locale its present nationality. Lovely Princesses, magnificent Prefects, Apollo-like models, saucy slaves, gorgeous patricians, clamouring plebs, will make a stately and a striking series of stage pictures; while grand processions and a whirling Saturnalia will provide the opportunity for bewildering masses of movement and colour.

The cast is one of the strongest ever seen under Mr. Edwardes' management, which has always been synonymous with superb interpretation. Miss Letty Lind, Miss Marie Tempest, Mr. Hayden Coffin, Mr. Huntley Wright, and Mr. Rutland Barrington remain from "The Geisha," but, in addition, there is that charming young singer and actress, Miss Hilda Moody, for long the representative in the country of the parts played in London by Miss Tempest, Miss Elsie Cook, Miss Maggie May, and others, to give additional *éclat* to the proceedings. It will be a memorable production; whether it will be a successful one nobody, of course, would be rash enough to prophesy. But everything will be done to deserve it.

We are very "previous" nowadays. Despite the fact that "Julius Caesar" will last the present season out at Her Majesty's, and that Mr. Tree and his company will then go on a somewhat extended tour, so that Mr. Sydney Grundy's version of "The Three Musketeers" cannot possibly see the light till the autumn, a full description of his treatment of the story has already appeared, and already the excitement concerning it has begun. Of this we may be sure—it will only be the lighter side of the story shown on the stage, the side showing the machinations of Richelieu to obtain the Queen's diamonds to confound her; the death of Buckingham and all that leads up to it will form no part of the play. Mr. Tree will present to us a series of brilliant pictures of adventures in love and war, a splendid spectacle forming the background of a lively and sparkling entertainment. Even D'Artagnan's love affair has been white-washed, for Constance has been unmarrred by the dramatist. Mr. Tree will, of course, be the D'Artagnan, a character which should suit him to perfection. Here, again, we may expect to have the eye and the ear and the understanding tickled and delighted. The Theatre (abstract noun) next autumn promises to be a thoroughly enjoyable place of entertainment, by no means a common thing in these days of gloomy introspection, physiological and psychological discussions, theories, and arguments.

Nor are we to wait for the autumn to bring about this pleasant state of things at the St. James's, for instance. For here Mr. Alexander promises us, before the end of the present season, that "The Conquerors" shall be withdrawn in favour of a comedy by the brilliant John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie), whose four-act modern play, "The Ambassador," is a comedy pure and simple. This may be a good play or it may be a bad play, but I am assured that it is at least a thoroughly pleasant and wholesome play. Thus good begins, but better remains behind. Mr. Alexander has at least two other pieces underlined for production that are free from any of the ologies. These are Mr. Rose's "Wars of the Roses," drama, and Mr. Parker and Mr. Carson's "Change Alley," which promise us Romance—dear, delightful Romance, with no aftermath, no *arrière pensée* to disturb our enjoyment; nothing but amusement and entertainment—bright, cleanly, exhilarating. Then, if I am not very much mistaken in Mr. Walter Frith, who is the author of another play to be presented by Mr. Alexander, his work, too, will contain nothing to pain, annoy, or appal. This is what we want—to be interested, to be amused, to have our emotions pleased and tickled, our intellects brought into play by dramatic action, not taxed and befuddled by social problems and neurotic and unhealthy theories. Thank goodness the present tendency of the Stage is upwards, towards brightness, health, sanity. The period of dullness and nastiness is passing. Managers have been led astray, to their own undoing, by paying attention to the *dilettante* writers on the Theatre—writers who wish to make it akin to the "theatre" of a dissecting institution. They have less than no influence on public thought and opinion; they are out of touch with the great body of playgoers. Rather than base their policies on the wishes and wants of these apostles of the abnormal, theatrical managers would do well to study their writings carefully—to find out what to avoid. What to avoid, as a very general rule, will be found in those things advocated by these gentlemen.



IT is a longish way from Kempton Park to Ripon, but there is always an air of genuine sport about these North Country meetings, and if only the weather be right they are usually enjoyable enough, even if the sport be not of the highest class. The principal event of the first day, the Studley Royal Handicap Plate, only brought out five runners, but it proved a very exciting contest, and in the end the grey three year old filly, Tyna, by Tyrant—Napha, served by her light weight, stayed the longest, and won by a short head from Mr. Vyner's Docetist, with Mr. W. I'Anson's Norby third. The favourite, Lord Provost, could only get fourth. There was another good attendance on the second day, in spite of dull and rather threatening weather. Wharfe, who had performed badly on the preceding day, made amends for the same by cantering home for the Ripon City Handicap Plate; and then a hot favourite in Kilmarnock—Princess Ludwig II., got home by half a length in the Newby Plate of a mile. I am always glad to see anything claiming parentage from the well-bred Bread Knife win a race, and his colt from Pin Money won the Claro Plate for two year olds by a short head from the favourite, Fair Maid, through sheer gameness and stamina.

It was an unusually busy week at Newmarket for the time of year. There was plenty of morning work that was worth watching, the air was



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thick with reported trials, there was the sale of the late Mr. Hamar Bass's horses, and three interesting days' racing. Nevertheless was the company more select than numerous. I always wonder why it is that the Jockey Club have never made any attempt to attract anyone to their meetings. It might be so easily done. Perhaps they do not want them. Go into any London club you like, on the eve of a Newmarket meeting, and ask the first 100 men you happen to meet in each if they are going there; it is good odds that ninety of them will make answer as follows: "No, I hate the place." And yet these meetings might be made the best and most attractive in the kingdom. A very nice sort of horse is Mr. P. Lorillard's American-bred Elfin, by Sensation—Equinity, who, with 6 to 1 laid on him, won the Burwell Stakes for three year olds. This is the second race this colt has won already this season, and he is probably capable of better things.

The Dinnia Forget stable had a real dash on the "Jubilee" winner's stable companion, Kookwood, for the Visitors' Plate, and he started at 5 to 4 on, in a field of thirteen. He did not look a bit like winning as they ran into the dip, but weight told in his favour as they climbed the hill, and the good thing came off by a neck. I have for some time looked upon that well-bred four year old, Jaquemart, as a very improved horse, but, although he started favourite, at 2 to 1, for the Newmarket Handicap, it looked as if he was taking on something in trying to give 7lb. to Crestfallen, of the same age, and 24lb. to the six year old Waler, Maluma. The two last-named both looked like beating him as they came out of the Abingdon Mile Bottom, but a hundred yards from home Crestfallen once more showed that nine furlongs is just beyond his tether, and the favourite, coming again, won a fine race by half a length from "Mr. Jers-y's" mare, with Crestfallen beaten by a neck for second place, and the American, Cartouche III., fourth. Maluma has certainly been a disappointing mare in this country, and I cannot help thinking that, being what she is, she might do better over longer distances.

We have seen some very speedy Americans winning races in this country during the last two seasons, and we probably saw another good Yankee last week in the winner of the Exning Plate for two year olds. The two favourites, Landrail, and the filly by St. Simon out of Hampton Rose, both represented winning form, but the former could not live to the end, and the latter failed to carry her penalty in front of Mr. Croker's Knickerbocker, whose maiden effort it was, and who won in clever style by a length. The speediest horse of his day in the States was Dobbins, by the imported Mr. Pickwick, son of Hermit, out of Thora, by Longfellow, son of Leamington. He was sent over to this country in 1895, but finding he could not be trained, his attentions were turned to stud duties.

Among his other loves was Mr. Croker's Flirt III., by the Sailor Prince from Lady, by Pizarro, son of Adventurer, out of Wyandotte, by Leamington, who came over from America with him. The result of their union was the two year old Knickerbocker, a long, low, hardy-looking colt, who has evidently inherited his sire's speed. I wrote in these notes last week that I felt a pang of sympathy for poor old Dobbins, who was sent to run at Kempton Park, after three seasons at the stud. He was naturally unable to live with his younger rivals for more than a quarter of a mile, and I won't dredge if he thought then of the old days when, full of the fire and dash of youth, and rejoicing in his strength, he was used only to the glorious



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sensations of victory and the cheers of the multitude. I little thought then that within three days we should be cheering the victory of the first of his sons to represent him on a race-course. Knickerbocker is inbred to Newminster and Leamington, each of these names appearing on both sides of his pedigree, whilst he gets two good crosses of Birdcatcher through Stockwell and Rataplan, as well as a strain of Pocahontas's other son, King Tom.

What a dreadful lot of thieves and rogues we have in training to be sure. One of the best two year o'ds of last season was the colt by Bend Or—Jenny Howlet, but he showed in the Middle Park Plate that he is one of the "can but won't" tribe, and again in this year's Two Thousand he confirmed it. Jeddah, who had won a race earlier in the season, was a good deal fancied for the Guineas, but he too showed that he is no Blucher in his own class. Cyllene, the undoubtedly best of his year at two years old, had disgraced himself at the Craven Meeting, and so Wantage, who had run second to Disraeli for the Two Thousand, was made favourite for the Newmarket Stakes. Evidently his first race had been an unpleasant experience, as he refused to gallop a yard on this his second essay, and was actually tailed off. Another to join the already swollen ranks of the wasters! I have always believed Cyllene to be a long way the best o' his year, and I never believed in his Column Produce Stakes

form. Perhaps he was short of work then; at any rate he looked much cleaner last week, and he won in a common canter from Heir Hale, with Wantage, Elfin, Jeddah, and The Wyvern all unplaced. I was disappointed in The Wyvern's running. He is a very good-looking colt, and I know that he was a good deal fancied by his stable before he went to Ascot last year. He went amiss after that, but has been doing well this spring, and I thought he had a good outside chance for the Derby. Probably he is a thief too. His dam Flyaway was a jade, and his sire Bend Or seems to get a lot of soft stock.

I had always thought the beautifully bred Batt likely to make a good three year old until he ran so badly in the Two Thousand Guineas won by Disraeli. He more or less redeemed his character, however, by winning the Payne Stakes on the last day of the latest Newmarket meeting.

The principal event of the first day at Gatwick was chosen for the *début* of a colt whose reputation had preceded him. This was Captain Machell's Blackwing, by Gallinule out of Black Witch. He was opposed by the penalised Knickerbocker, Miss Unicorn, Saint Vaast, whom we saw out at Kempton Park, and five others. Odds were always laid on him, and with good reason, as he had his field all squandered in the first furlong, and won easily.

On the second day Rookwood, who had brought off such a good thing at Newmarket in the week, was expected to repeat the performance in the Alexandra Handicap, and 6 to 4 was freely laid on him, in spite of a 5lb. penalty. For once in a way Robinson's stable had to take a back seat, as the outsider, Bob White, who is by Captain Fife's horse, Hazle Hatch, made the whole of the running, and won by a length from Bourton Hill, with the favourite only third. A horse for whom I have always had a special liking is Teufel. He was a very disappointing three year old it is true, and most unjustly—as I have always thought—got the reputation of being soft. It is much more likely that he was running out of his class all that year. At any rate he won more than once last season, and always ran gamely enough, and I was very glad to see him win the Prince's Handicap of 1,000 sovereigns on Saturday, from a field which included, among others, Portmarnock, Northallerton High Treasurer, and the two Derby outsiders, Craftsman and Sheet Anchor. The last-named pair ran badly, and the favourite, Northallerton, looked like winning a quarter of a mile from home. Here, however, he was challenged by Teufel and Portmarnock, the former of whom stayed the longest, and won by a neck, with Northallerton beaten a head for second place.

It cannot be said that last week's racing has thrown much light on the Derby, except that it has shown the hopelessness of the chances possessed by such as Jeddah, Wantage, Elfin, The Wyvern, Sheet Anchor, and Craftsman. Many people seem to be of opinion that Wantage's performance discounts Disraeli's chance in the Epsom race, but I cannot say that I



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I think so myself. Neither do I think Dieudonne will beat the Two Thousand winner. It is true that the Duke of Devonshire's colt beat him in the Middle Park Plate, but I was not surprised at that, and my only wonder was that he got where he did, ridden as he was. There is no doubt that Dieudonne is a good class colt, but I fancy Disraeli will turn out to be a better, at any rate over the Derby distance.

Under the Rostrum

IT is only occasionally that we see any important lots of blood-stock sent into the sale-ring before Ascot. This year, however, Mr. Somerville Tattersall has been kept unusually busy owing to the numerous deaths amongst the ranks of our owners, and on Wednesday of last week the stud of that good and keen sportsman, the late Mr. Hamar Bass, was brought to the hammer during the Second Spring Meeting at Newmarket. The best horse Mr. Hamar Bass ever owned was the well bred and aptly named Love Wisely, by Wisdom—Lovelorn. He is a very good-looking chestnut five year old, and a real stayer, as he showed by winning the Ascot Cup in 1896. As is generally the case with horses who run over a distance of ground at Ascot, he shook himself in that race, and has been a difficult horse to train ever since, or he would assuredly have won last year's Cesarewitch. Even if he can never be trained again, however, he was very cheap to Mr. E. Cassel at 5,000 guineas. The



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CYLLENE WINS IN A CANTER.

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same gentleman gave 2,400 guineas for a bay colt by Ayrshire, who is third in the list of winning sires this season up to date, out of Solesky, by Thunder. Sir Samuel Scott got a real bargain in the maiden four year old by St. Serv out of Novitiate (Marco's dam), by Hermit, for 1,650 guineas; and a three year filly by St. Simon—Chianti, by Canary, is worth all the 530 guineas that Mr. B. Cloete gave for her, even if she never wins a race; whilst no one could want to see a better bred filly than the brown four year old by St. Gatien out of Busybody, by Petrarch, for whom Mr. W. Walter gave 1,350 guineas. Among the two year olds, Mr. W. M. Clarke gave 660 guineas for the racing-like brown filly by St. Simon from Matilda, by Hermit; the bay colt by the same sire from Lonely, by Hermit, went to Mr. W. T. Jones for 760 guineas, and I thought Mr. P. C. Patton had the bargain of the sale when he got the good-looking chestnut colt by Kendal out of Geraldine, by Barcaldine, for 550 guineas. The rest of the lot sold during the day fetched fair prices.

Mr. Henry Waring will hold his usual sale of Beenhambred yearlings at Ascot during the race week, of whom I hear that they are an unusually good-looking lot, and it must not be forgotten that quite a number of winners have of late years been bred at this model establishment.

POLO NOTES.

THE weather put its veto on most of the best polo that we hoped to see at Hurlingham and Ranelagh last week, and as it would have ruined the match grounds to use them after the heavy rains with which we have been favoured all this month, they were very wisely reserved for more favourable conditions.

For this reason visitors who went to Hurlingham on Saturday last, hoping to see a good match fought out between a home team and the 12th Lancers were doomed to disappointment. However, their trouble was not wholly wasted, as the final match of a Hurlingham tournament was duly brought off between B and E teams, the two last left in out of the seven entered.

The team consisted of Messrs. J. O. Jamieson, A. Batchelor, R. E. Leighton, and W. S. Buckmaster, playing instead of Mr. A. Rawlinson, who has, unfortunately, injured a hand. The E's were Messrs. F. Freake, J. C. Harrison, G. A. Lockett, and Captain Makins. The latter side had the best of the game throughout, and eventually won by five goals to three. Mr. Freake played a good game for the winners, and out of their five goals he scored four.

There is no player I know who rides or hits harder than Mr. Buckmaster, and two of the losers' goals fell to him, whilst Mr. Jamieson was the other scorer for that side.

I happened to be at Dundalk last week, where the Inniskillings, winners of last year's Inter-Regimental Tournament, are now stationed, and I heard some interesting details of the three matches which their team had just played at Liverpool. The first was with the Liverpool Polo Club, whom they beat by seven goals to one; the second was against the Wirral Club, and was also decided in their favour, after a very fast game, by eight goals to three; and in the third they achieved an easy victory over the Lancashire Hussars by ten goals to none. This regiment will no doubt hold their own again this year in the soldiers' tournament, although they will not this time have the services of Mr. Fryer, who is now in Burma. Mr. Neil Haig, however, is, I was told, coming back from Australia in time to play, so that if the exigencies of the Service allow them time to practice, which may be rather doubtful, they will no doubt put as good a team into the field as that which won them this much envied trophy last season.

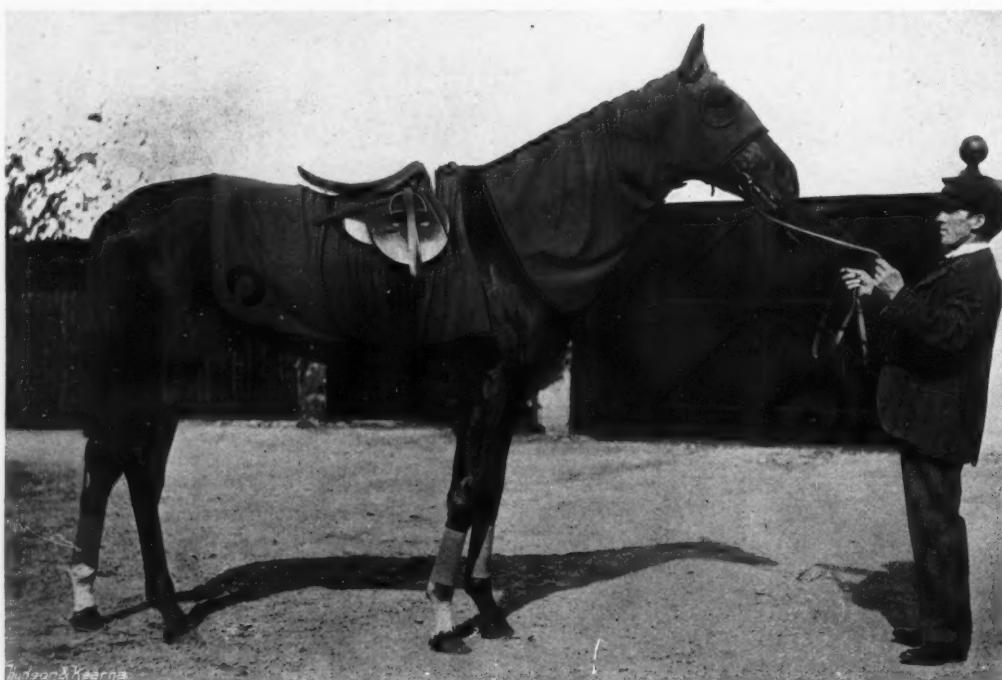
OUTPOST



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UNSADDLING IN THE PADDOCK.

"C.L."



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THE WINNER OF THE NEWMARKET STAKES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE EVE OF THE DERBY.

NOT a word shall be written here of the horses which will compete for the Derby in the year 1898, and for the best of reasons. The writer knows nothing about them. Moreover, he is deeply impressed by the wisdom of Mr. Rudyard Kipling expressed in the shrewd quatrain:—

“The horse is ridden, the jockey rides.
The backers back, the owners own;
But—there are other things besides,
And I should leave this play alone.”

As a matter of plain fact he will not leave the play alone, but will stake his modest sovereign, no more and no less, upon an outsider at a long price. So staking his sovereign, he will rest contented in the assurance that his annual bets, being rigidly uniform in amount, will leave him with a balance in hand on his sporting account when the time comes for giving up Epsom and other frivolities. For, to be frank, he has lived just forty years, has made twenty-one bets of one sovereign to many upon horses of which he knew absolutely nothing, has won three of them, and is well over £120 to the good on his life's wagers up to date. In a word, the one safe thing to do is to defy the opinion of the crafty ones. Years ago at Oxford I asked a knowing undergraduate to select for me the very worst horse entered for the Derby. He named Sir Bevys, or was it Sir Bevis, without a moment's hesitation. With even less hesitation I backed the condemned horse, and the next thing I heard was that, by the interposition of providence and heavy rain, he had won in a muddy canter. I backed Blue Gown it is true, as a boy, because the late Mr. Fred Gretton told me to do so, and he won; but that was the exception which proves the rule, and my winnings on that occasion are not taken into account. They were liquidated in ginger-beer, and in jargonelle, a beverage I



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“GIVE US A COPPER.”

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would not assay for a good deal now, and solidified or substantiated in chocolate and hot plum cake. Again, when I had grown mature, I heard the knowing ones abuse a horse called something Hampton—Gay or Merry, I forget which—on the ground that “a brute who carries his head up like that cannot possibly win.” So I backed him, and he won. What the name of my third winning outsider was I am ungrateful enough to forget, although I by no means forgot to receive the money. Such are the simple but prosperous annals of my racing career. It has been a career animated by a distinct and deliberate principle, not “motived,” to adopt a horrid word from a great writer, by mere obstinacy, but influenced by early reading. In my father's library were many books, but not many that were amusing. Hence came it that my youthful curiosity induced me to explore the mysteries of ancient numbers of the *Quarterly*. There I found him whom, by the aid of Sir Herbert Maxwell, I now know to have been no less a man than Nimrod writing—“But let us look a little into these practices. In the first place, what is it that guides the leading men in their betting? Is it a knowledge of the horse they back either to win or to lose? and is it his public running that directs their operations? We fear not. *Three parts of them know no more of a horse than a horse know of them.*” Truly these are words of wisdom. Their truth has been exemplified a thousand times amongst

men of all classes, and the one safe rule to go upon is that of absolute conviction that nobody knows anything of the probable issue of a race until probability has become a thing of the past, and the race is over.

Nevertheless, Epsom race-course on the Derby Day, commemorated in that admirably human picture of Mr. Frith's, is a great spectacle which never palls upon the philosopher. Even to the man who cannot “read” a race through his field-glasses—few can, though many profess the ability, and most of the accounts of the early part of the race are purely apocryphal—the struggle



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“A DUSTY PIECE OF ROAD.”

“COUNTRY LIFE.”



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“THE BLIND BEGGAR.”

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itself is worth seeing. To my mind the remarkable feature always is that the three year olds in the very pink of condition seem to travel but slowly, and that the jockeys use their whips mechanically and ineffectually. That is my ignorance, and a mere piece of prejudice rising from an occasion when, having backed the horse that ran second, I regretted that I had not been within reach of him with a cart whip fifty yards from home. He had about as much chance, according to the betting, as *The Wyvern*, whom I shall back this year, unless he disappears, in that mysterious way which race-horses affect, before these words are printed. But the cut of my cart whip would have made all the difference, for he was a half-breed and a bit of a slug, and he wanted a tonic. Still it is not in seeing the race that the greater part of my simple annual pleasure consists. It is in the people simply. The people are to the horses as the stage crowd is to Mr. Beerbohm Tree in the part of Mark Antony and in the play of "Julius Cæsar" at Her Majesty's. There are many periods during Antony's great speech when Mr. Beerbohm Tree has not voice enough to command the vast theatre; the crowd, which is the best ever seen on any stage, redeems the situation, and carries it off successfully. Often you cannot see the race at Epsom, or if you could see it you could not follow it intelligently. But you can always see the people, and they are an unending subject of study and cause of delight. It is their great holiday and picnic. I do not believe they gamble much. Certainly their wagers are not a circumstance to those of working men in Newcastle, or Hull, or Leeds, who bet as hard as they work, and stake the week's sustenance of their wives and children upon the stamina of a horse of which they know nothing, and upon the honesty of jockey or trainer. That is a subject on which I can never help moralising, not so much because that kind of gambling is wicked, as because it is so desperately idiotic. But the crowd at Epsom is not, in the main, a gambling crowd. As it travels down the road—not a particularly picturesque road, but full of rough merriment—as parts of it camp out on the Downs overnight, it gives itself over in mere abandonment to sheer enjoyment and recklessness of the



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morrow. Surely it is good for a hard-worked race to indulge itself occasionally in wild saturnalia of this kind.

For my own part I like them all, including even the dirty bare-legged children who run along the dusty white road, and turn Catherine-wheels and ask for copper coins. Fling to them out of your superfluity, be it small or great, by all means. Economists will condemn you; but they are sour folk, and do not reckon at its true value the happiness which the reckless giver confers and receives. Even for the blind man and his wheezy concertina a word may be said. True, the concertina is an outrage, but, unlike Voltaire, the blind beggar sees the necessity that the blind beggar should live, and the groaning, whining music serves to call your attention to his needs. But, best of all, I love the gypsies—Boswells, Smiths, and Burtons, and the like. Look at them in that group by the van and the carts. They are the vigorous epicureans of the nineteenth century, as they have been of every century since, early in the fifteenth, they made their appearance in Europe under Duke Michael. They toil not, neither do they spin; they are the idlest race and the most active in the world; they have no possessions, yet they lack nothing, for when opportunity offers they will treat your possessions as their own. Note how handsome they are, both men and women, in youth. Observe how the men will acquit themselves in a rough-and-tumble fight, and make up your mind never to quarrel with a gypsy. Rogues of course they are; robbery is their idle, easy trade; but they have immemorial traditions, they have deeply-rooted characteristics and aristocratic prejudices of their own. They are an interesting race, and the study of them and their language and their customs will, as George Borrow found, be repaid with interest. Despise not the gypsy maiden who, looking up at your coach, offers to tell your fortune if you will but cross her hand. Her science is a fraud and an imposture, of course. But you know that as well as she does; and at any rate she is less expensive than those smug sorceresses in London whom your wife, good, credulous



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sir, visits more often than you know, submitting her delicate palm for investigation or gazing into the crystal ball. Your Gipsy Queen is an honest impostor, and pretends nothing else. Her dark eye twinkles as she invites you to have your fortune told for sheer love of sport. Assent to her wishes, and you shall find that, although palmistry be as empty as a beggar's purse, the gipsy woman who has lived in the open air all her life, and has seen all sorts and conditions of men, is a most uncommonly

good judge of character. In a word, go to Epsom on the Derby Day with a mind fixedly determined to make the best of everything, and to snatch all the enjoyment that can be obtained. There is but one Derby Day in all the year, and there is no crowd like a Derby crowd in the world; none so merry, none so abandoned to pleasure; and, on the whole, few crowds are more innocent of real wickedness. To miss such a gathering is to miss a great deal.

IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

THE Garden of Eden, as everyone knows who reads his Bible, is situated on a tongue of land in the delta of the Tigris and Euphrates—a land of gold, of bdellium, and of onyx stone, we are told. The delta remains still, also the garden, which is a trifle swampy, and destitute of fruit and flowers, but the gold and onyx stones have all been discovered and removed. The Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil is there still; being a *pipul* tree, it doesn't bear any fruit, which seems a pity. Globe-trotters pick branches to carry home to their friends, and chip off pieces of bark to carve into ash-trays and knick-knacks, and the Arabs, being wise in their generation, take care that the tree shall not fail. Somewhere, beyond the low river bank, in the midst of some camp of black tents and date-stick huts, is a plantation of young *fifuls* waiting to be transplanted to the garden when the present one shall have died or been carried bodily away by some enterprising Yankee. For the rest you may reach the garden by the B.I.S.N.'s river boats, from Bussorah on the south or Bagdad on the north, although, because there is no competition, the fares are rather high.

In the present year of grace two people stood under the shade of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil—a man and woman, Adam and Eve; these were not their real names, but they will do just as well, even better perhaps, for they will not recognise themselves. Adam was a well-known character in those parts, being a superintendent of telegraphs. He had been in the East for twelve years without going home. This is a mistake—you lose touch with Europe, and gravitate towards Oriental life and ideas; you begin to see people and positions from a native standpoint, and your early training is obscured in mists, or lost altogether, which is also a mistake, especially if there is a strain of the East in your blood, for then characteristics are apt to develop. Adam's grandmother was reputed to have been a Persian girl from Fars, in the good old days of "John Company," when "spins" were rare as black swans and ladies were toasted before the king at mess. He took very kindly to his life, and after the first year or two ceased to regard England as his home, and let his leave accumulate.

Eve had just come out from home; she was the niece of a merchant who lived between Bussorah and Bushire, changing his residence with the date season; she had graduated with honours at Girton, and possessed profound knowledge of "ologies" and "isms," a belief in nothing in particular, and a good-natured tolerance of what she was pleased to term other people's superstitions, besides a fixed determination to leave the world better than she found it. But in spite of all this she had all the qualities of the original Eve, and loved Adam after a week's acquaintance. They had been engaged for two days now, and had come with a picnic party down the river to the garden. The rest of the party, after picking leaves from the tree, rambled off to inspect other objects of interest, leaving the two alone.

"We will stay here till the others come back," said Eve, sitting down on a log of wood under the tree; "it's much too hot to wander about—you can smoke while I sketch," and Adam, throwing himself at her feet, prepared to obey. He could scarcely realise his good fortune in being accepted; fate threw so few women (white women, that is) in his way, that when they came they appeared inhabitants of another planet, besides being for the most part married. He had spasms of envy when his companions returning from furlough brought fresh brides from home, to share the roving life under the burning Persian sky.

The day was cookingly hot even for the end of March. The mosquitoes hummed drowsily in clouds, too sleepy to bite, and the birds had settled down for a noonday siesta; a low bank of woolly-looking orange and copper-coloured cloud gathered in the south and lay thick and lowering along the horizon. The air grew more and more oppressive, it was as much as one could do to exist, exertion of any kind became a labour, and at last Eve threw down her pencil and sketch-book. "I never felt such heat," she exclaimed. "It is not a bit of good trying to sketch. Talking is cooler. Tell me something about your life out here."

And Adam told her. How twelve years since he had come to the East, how a promised appointment falling through he had been placed in the telegraph, how a combination of lucky chances had given him a step, and how he had played leap-frog to the unutterable disgust of many seniors. How he had saved up all his leave and now had two years due to him, how they would enjoy said years in a prolonged honeymoon, how his wife should

have the prettiest bungalow in all Karachi, and travel with him in the cold weather if so minded, and finally, how he had never loved a woman as he did her, nor had he ever been engaged before. The rest was all billing and cooing, and Eve felt like the heroine of a three volume novel. Girton had no such attractions as this to offer, and she decided that she would give her dearest friend a like chance of happiness, and invite her to stay with them when they were married.

They talked of the future and the good time coming; they opened out their lives to each other, she from the time she was a little girl in a long pigtail and short petticoats—the busy routine of Girton leaves little time for roving fancies, and she had never had even the semblance of a mild flirtation before—he from the date of his arrival in the sunny East.

The air grew more oppressive. Breathing became difficult, and a myriad of tiny insects arose from no one knows where, and commenced tormenting the only human beings visible. They detected Eve's openwork stockings and rendered her life a burden for the next ten minutes, till clouds of smoke from Adam's cheroot forced them to retire. The copper-coloured clouds rolled across the blue, shutting out the sun, and a wind arose from the sandy desert and lashed the shallow river into big waves, nearly upsetting the *bilums* in which the picnickers had landed. Presently a tongue of forked lightning lit up the gloom and a growl of distant thunder shook the trees; then the rain began, and it rained as it can rain in those latitudes where this event only takes place during one month out of twelve. It poured down in bucketfuls, and Adam took off his coat and put it over Eve's shoulders, for her white cambric dress was little protection against the torrent. He was wet to the skin in a very few minutes; the rain, thunder, and lightning and semi-darkness continued for upwards of an hour, and a plague of frogs large as that of Egypt came up out of the river and chanted like the chorus of a Greek play. At last the storm decreased and went rolling off up the river to Bagdad, leaving the couple damp and depressed on a small island, for the garden had become a lake; as far as eye could see the river banks were flooded, and the surrounding country was a marsh studded with stunted bushes and clumps of grass.

"I must go and see where the boatmen are," said Adam, when the rain was over. "The sooner we get back the better; you must be soaking, and I don't think I was ever damper in my life."

But Eve assured him that his coat had kept her perfectly dry.

When Adam was gone, Eve shivered, the mournful spirit of the place crept over her; the air, charged with electricity, seemed peopled with ghosts, and strange noises from newly-awakened life sounded on all sides. She drew the coat closer round her, and put her hands in the pockets for warmth; a heavy package in the breast-pocket bumped against her, and she took it out to see if the rain had damaged it. It proved to be an ancient, battered, pigskin letter-case, tied with string to keep it together, and it ought to have been lying at the bottom of the river, which was its destination, only Adam had omitted to carry out his original intention of dropping it over the side of the river steamer. Eve fingered it gingerly, and began to wonder if she could untie the knots. They looked lumpy and intricate; after all, there is no particular harm in trying to undo a piece of string. They came undone sooner than she expected, and the old letter-case lay gaping apart without any fastening whatever. Eve's curiosity was excited, she wondered what was inside. It would be dishonourable, of course, to open the case, and she would not do it for worlds, having a very keen sense of honour, but then she knew all about Adam, and he knew all about her; there was nothing in her life that was not open to view, therefore there could be no harm. Half a minute later the contents of the letter-case were lying in her lap. They were, firstly, a couple of sheets torn from a pocket-book; secondly, a pencil sketch on the back of a pay sheet; and thirdly, a tiny packet rolled in a scrap of indigo cotton cloth. This last she opened, and the contents puzzled her, for, though educated at Girton, she could not read an Eastern love letter, although, to anyone skilled in Oriental customs, the meaning was plain enough. Within the blue cloth (which was part of a woman's veil) lay a withered blood-red pomegranate blossom, a tiny stone, and a tress of coarse blue-black hair, which objects together expressed as plainly as any written words the sender's passion and her desire

to see the beloved. The rain began again, but Eve did not heed it as she pored over the contents of the case. The pencil sketch was of a woman's face, a handsome one, with large eyes, brows that met in one line across the low brow, and a turquoise stud in the nostril. On the back the word "Ziba" was scribbled and a date, some eight months before the present time.

A feeling of indignation came over Eve. She had been shamefully deceived; Adam had deliberately lied to her. She had no scruple now in reading the words on the diary leaves; they were faint, blurred, and nearly illegible, and merely recorded the fact that the writer had seen Ziba on certain dates, beginning from a year ago, and noting the places of meeting. "Ziba came here"; "Met Ziba at Saadi's tomb"; "Leilah unsafe," ran the entries. Then the significant words "roof dangerous," and Eve had sufficient knowledge of things Oriental to know that this did not refer to the state of the roof itself, but to its undesirability as a meeting place. A whole history of love, Eastern love and intrigue, lay in those few lines. She had stumbled on an episode that ought to have remained forgotten; she had opened the door of a room now closed. The words and the picture merely sketched the outline of a love story, and, with the same curiosity as her first ancestress, she set to work to find out the particulars. She turned the book over and over, vainly hoping for some data, something that should throw further light upon Adam's conduct, but there was nothing more. The rest had to be filled in from imagination; and Eve, as she sat under the damp *pipal* tree, thought out a vivid story based upon indistinct recollections of the "Arabian Nights," and her imagination waxed; besides, the last date on the paper was only a month old. By-and-by she put the things back in the case, and tried to repack the little bundle, but the lock of hair twisted and

entangled itself round her fingers; the damp air made it sticky and clammy; it seemed impossible to shake it off; she had to detach it thread by thread. At last the contents were replaced, the string re-knotted, and Eve set herself to get at the right value of things—Adam had behaved abominably in keeping this matter from her, in his protestations of love for her only, when not six months before he had made the same to the unknown Ziba; still, she would give him a chance of explaining himself.

Three minutes later Adam himself returned with a portion of the picnic party, and Eve was carried safely through floods to the boat.

"Tell me," she asked that evening as they sat dry and comfortable on the deck of the steamer, and the letter-case was being critically examined by fishes, "have you really never cared for anyone but me?"

And Adam, gazing into her blue eyes, vowed that he had not.

When the next day Adam received his presents back and was told that Eve had misplaced her affections, and his conscience would tell him the reason, he marvelled much, but took it quietly on the whole—he had never been quite able to believe in his good luck, or to realise that he was on the point of matrimony. He retired into his shell and busied himself upon some work which the festivities of the last few days had pushed to one side. Melancholy work it was too, that of going through the effects of a lately deceased subordinate, and settling up with creditors. Said subordinate, a young telegraph clerk who died of fever, had made Adam his executor, disposing verbally of his few possessions. "This old letter-case to be destroyed," he concluded, clasping it jealously with weak burning fingers, and a fortnight later Adam fulfilled the charge in the manner set forth here.

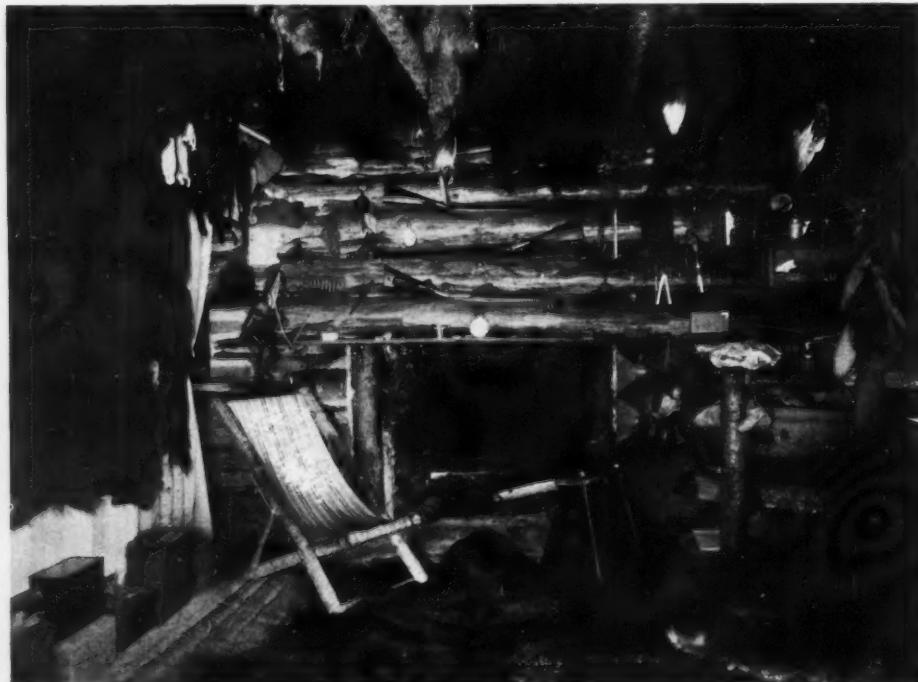
M. PECELL.



AS Canada resents being called "Our Lady of the Snows" by Mr. Kipling, and our recent articles and illustrations dealing with Canadian sport have shown the forests of the North in winter garb, we now publish some summer scenes in those happy hunting grounds. These will, we think, confirm

our previous claim for Canada, that of all rapidly accessible and healthy regions for big game shooting this is the best; and that for the hunter's requisites of woods, waters, big game and winged game, it is indeed hard to beat. Add to this the separate and unique amusement which the amateur trapper may obtain, and the trophies he may bring home of beaver, martin, otter, fox, wolverine, fisher, and ermine, as shown in Mr. Turner-Turner's recent articles in this paper, and it will be acknowledged that British North America is indeed a hunter's paradise. To this too must be added the attraction of magnificent fishing, including salmon, trout, and certain other lake fishes, as game as the *Salmonidae* and almost as excellent for food.

North British Columbia is the only part of this enormous region which is as yet recognised by English sportsmen as worth a journey for the express purpose of sport. What we desire is to draw the attention, first, of Englishmen in England to the game resources of the whole of Canada, speaking in the large sense; and secondly, to urge on our Canadian cousins the importance of preserving this unrivalled source of wealth, health, and amusement. Across the United States border, in nearly every State of the Union; the work of such preservation is recognised as a national duty. The movement is modern, popular, and, like all things to which the Americans put their hand, is being carried out effectively. State game wardens are paid to act as keepers



A HUNTER'S HOME IN THE NORTH-WEST.

over great areas of forest, not only in the new States like Dakota and Illinois, but in old States like Maine and Connecticut. All the river fisheries are under some sort of control, State fish hatching and preservation is in full force, and above all things skin hunting, *i.e.*, the destruction of large game for the sake of their hides, is stopped by summary arrests and fines. Social pressure is also very strong. Persons who boast of immoderate bags are constantly gibbeted in the papers under the elegant title of "Game Hogs," all of which is a sound and wonderfully conservative policy for a go-ahead nation. The result is that in Maine, on the Canadian border, last year some 7,000 persons enjoyed shooting and fishing in these splendid forests and streams. Yet the game actually increases there, and both jumping deer and caribou are plentiful.

Canada has now decided to protect her big horned sheep, by limiting the numbers shot. Otherwise the vast forests of the Dominion are still open to the skin hunter, the "game hog," and last but not least to the scientific gentlemen who come to kill numbers of the rarer species for museums. Now we will ask our readers to look at the picture of a summer scene in this Canadian forest, DEER AMONG THE SPRUCES, and say whether this looks like a place for a sportsman or a slaughter-house for skin takers and museum collectors? Of the work done by these gentlemen, the two following instances will perhaps give some notion. A noted British sportsman fell in with a pair of skin hunters when he was bear shooting in the Rocky Mountains. He found them alert, capable, and businesslike. One of them killed, skinned, and brought home the hides of three bears and four black-tailed deer in a single day. The carcasses were left to rot. Take six deer per diem as a fair average. Imagine 1,000 skin hunters at work for six months among the lower spurs of the Canadian Rocky Mountains, in place of the 7,000 American sportsmen who shot last year in the State of Maine. This will give, omitting Sundays, at the rate of six deer per diem, 936 deer per man, or 936,000 deer killed by 1,000 skin hunters, to make "shammy" shirts and boot leather.

As for the rarer species, a work was recently published on the exploits of a certain "professor" of the Kansas University Museum. The book relates that while still what we should call an undergraduate he earned sums of money by his agility in catching rare butterflies and killing animals. This marked him out for university preferment, and he became an assistant in the stuffing department of the University Museum, and was dignified by the title of Professor of Zoology. It occurred to him that as many animals were very scarce in the United States he might kill off a few of the remainder in British territory. This he did; and the admirer who writes his life relates how, among other things, this professor killed and skinned five of the rare Rocky Mountain goats in one day. With his promising pupils this man came every year to the British Columbian valleys, and accumulated a perfect charnel-house of bones, skulls, and skin. Now each State of America is by way of making all outsiders pay a licence to shoot in the State forests. This is fair enough. For the citizens of the State pay for the game-keepers, and it is not fair that persons from other States should swarm in and kill the game without contributing to the expense of preserving it.



DEER AMONG THE SPRUCES.

This is now done in the State of Maine, and in many other good hunting districts. Soon it will become general in the whole of the States. The system is known as the non-resident licence system.

Why should not Canada take advantage of this idea, and make outsiders, in which we include Englishmen and Americans, contribute to a fund to preserve Canadian big game? All that is needed is a public opinion strong enough to condemn killing deer in an unsportsmanlike manner, when the snow is crusted or very deep, and to have wardens to stop and arrest the skin hunter. Vast though the territories of the Dominion are, this is not impossible. The really mischievous skin hunter only goes where game is very thick. Ordinary forest hunting does not pay him. Consequently it is the western mountains with their swarms of wapiti, black-tailed and white-tailed deer, and bears that need special protection. Local feeling and a few sound

game laws would protect the provinces near the big cities from being shot out.

Meantime there is plenty of game for all at the present moment, though it cannot last without protection. It is possible to settle for the whole spring, summer, and autumn in one of the North-Western valleys and enjoy such sport as falls to the lot of travellers in few other decent climates, among surroundings not only healthy but most beautiful.

A HUNTER'S HOME IN THE NORTH-WEST shows the perfection which the daily comforts of a log hut can attain. It is as good quarters for a real sportsman in the wilderness as any novelist has pictured. The logs fit tight, neatly barked, and grooved so that each is jammed upon the curve of that below. There is an excellent fireplace and chimney shelf, and fuel of the best grows outside in the spruce forest. The squared boards for the floor are something of a luxury; but where water carriage, pack horses, and saw-mills abound these can be obtained easily. All the furniture of this hut is hunters' or woodmen's work, except the canvas cover of the chair. Chair, table, and stool are made of birch. A mighty grizzly bear's skin is the carpet. Other bear



A DEAD GRIZZLY.



DEATH IN THE WILDERNESS.

and deer skins are tapestry for the walls. From the rafters, in contrast to these dark furs, are the bright red skins of the fox, while close by these are the more precious sable and the skins of martin and mink. Guns, cameras, and the implements for skinning and taxidermy make up for lack of pictures on the walls.

A DEAD GRIZZLY gives some notion of the size of one of the North-West bears. But all over Canada, wherever there are forest and swamp, and there are very few districts where forest and swamp are not found south of the limit of trees, there are bears, mostly of the black variety. The grizzly's territory begins with the mountains. But where else in temperate regions is such a variety of big game?—moose, wapiti, black-tailed and white-tailed deer, cariboo, and in the far north the musk-ox and walrus; big horned sheep, Rocky Mountain goats, black and grizzly bears, with a reputed monster bigger than either, in Alaska. Then for other carnivora, wolves, lynxes, wolverines, otters, the whole body of smaller fur-bearing animals for the trapper's spoil, and the red-fox, cross-fox, and valuable silver-fox. A variety of game birds, and a magnificent list of wildfowl, including the finest wild goose in the world, make up this unrivalled list of game. Climate claims few or no victims among our sportsmen in this good country, and rarely indeed is DEATH IN THE WILDERNESS seen in such ghastly shape as that which forms the subject of our last illustration. But even camp life in Canada has its dangers, inseparable from all wild sport, whether caused by sickness, accident, or being lost in the forest, where the dead man's bones may lie the year through, unseen and unburied, bleaching in the sun. This is the other side of the picture. But ten years' sport in Canada does not claim as many victims as a year's record of African travel.

DOUBLE-SPATHED ARUM LILIES.
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As I know you are interested in matters relating to the garden, I send you a double-spathed arum lily (*Calla* or *Richardia ethiopica*) which has occurred amongst my plants. I rather think this is unusual, and, as the double-spathed form is certainly handsome, I should like to perpetuate it. Could I do so?—T. C.

[This is simply a freak of Nature, produced sometimes, we think, by vigour in the plants. We must differ from you in your opinion of this form, as we think the single spathe far handsomer, and more welcome for bold decorations. It will not prove true, but revert back to its original character next year.—ED.]

A PLAGUE OF WIREWORM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be extremely obliged if you will let me know through your columns a simple way of getting rid of wireworm. I have a very small garden, but it is very disheartening to see one's flowers disappearing slowly but surely, cut off by these pests. At present the wallflowers and carnations are suffering most. Is salt water any good, or does it hurt the plants?—W. M. CATHCART.

[We wish everyone before importing soil into the garden would examine it to see if wireworms are present. They are terribly destructive, and are frequently brought into the garden with the top layer of pastures so freely recommended, and rightly so for certain plants; but it should undergo a rigid examination. The only thing you can do is to trap the pests by burying pieces of potato or carrot in the ground. Put a stick through them, so that they can be readily examined. They are fond of these baits. If the ground seems full of them we advise you to give it a dressing of gas-lime in the autumn.—ED.]

SAXIFRAGA AFGHANICA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We send some flowers of *Saxifraga Afghanica*, which is new, and a very fine addition to the larger *Saxifrages*, owing to its stately white panicles. You will observe that the plant reminds one of *Saxifraga cordifolia* and *crassifolia*, and its flowers, of snowy whiteness for some time after opening, will form a fine contrast to them. It is, of course, very hardy, and has been in flower with us for a month or more. We wish we had sent a specimen to you before, as the flowers have lost their first shape and pure colour.—KELWAY AND SON.

[A handsome hardy flower; the flowers white, touched with pink, and under glass would be colourless. A bold group of this must be very fine, especially when against the darker-coloured *cordifolia* and *crassifolia*. Too little is seen of these *Saxifrages* in gardens. They should be cherished, not only for their flowers, but their leaves also, which are of rich tints in late autumn and winter. *S. Afghanica* is a distinct and welcome novelty. This type of *Saxifraga* is frequently called *Megasea*.—ED.]

A SELECTION OF BEAUTIFUL SHRUBS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Would you kindly give me a selection of what you consider the most beautiful flowering shrubs. I intend planting about twenty kinds on the outskirts of my lawn, and in various other parts of the garden. I quite agree with what you wrote some little time ago in *COUNTRY LIFE* about the beauty of flowering trees and shrubs, and I have lately seen charming effects from their use.—W. T.

[It is not easy to say which are the most beautiful twenty flowering trees and shrubs, but the following are thoroughly hardy, very pretty in flower or fruit, and reasonable in price:—Snowy *Mespilus* (*Amelanchier*), *Prunus triloba*, *azaleas*, *Berberis Darwini*, *Pyrus Malus floribunda*, *P. spectabilis* and the Siberian crabs, *Judas tree* (*Cercis Siliquastrum*), thorns, *Daphne Mezereum*, the white *Hibiscus syriacus* (*totonibus*), *Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora*, laburnum, tulip tree (*Liriodendron*), *Mespilus Smithii*, *Olearia Haasti*, mock orange (*Philadelphus*), both the tall and dwarf growing kinds, flowering currant (*Ribes*), *Spiraea alpina*, *viburnum* (guelder rose), the Chinese *V. plicatum*, and the *Weigela*. This is a larger selection than you asked for, but any or all may be chosen. We should advise you to go to some good nursery and botanic garden such as Kew and see them in flower. You may find some kind you admire more than others.—ED.]

THE STIFFEST STEEPLECHASE COURSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you or any of your readers tell me which is considered to be the stiffest steeplechase course in the United Kingdom? I have always heard that Punchestown, in Ireland, is the stiffest. Are there any courses abroad or in our own colonies which can beat Punchestown?—C. B. MORGAN.

[The stiffest steeplechase course in the United Kingdom is that at Aintree, near Liverpool, over which the Grand National is run. Punchestown is a fine natural "country," with three big doubles and a stone wall, but it is not so big as Aintree, especially for horses used to the Irish fences. Continental steeplechase courses are not generally so big as ours, but those in Australia are very much more formidable, and the big timber fences horses have to jump in that country are undoubtedly the stiffest in the world.—ED.]

POINTS OF THE PAISLEY TERRIER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A Scottish friend has given me a pretty little puppy of what he terms the Paisley or Clydesdale terrier breed. Up to quite recently I had an idea that the Skye, and Dandie Dinmont were the only terriers reared in Scotland. The puppy I now have, and which I am already very much attached to—he is such a lively little fellow—is descended from rather a famous dog, Lorne of Paisley I believe, but you will perhaps put me right if I am wrong in my nomenclature. I am, therefore, anxious to show him, but before doing so would be glad to know what are the points of the breed. I have several books on dogs, but not one even mentions the Paisley terrier.—E. GORDON.

[Lorne of Paisley, the dog you state your puppy is descended from, was selected by Mr. Thomson Gray in his very excellent work "The Dogs of Scotland" as an ideal of the variety. He was bred by Mr. G. Murdock, and won prizes wherever shown. For years the variety was shown as the Skye terrier, mainly on account of possessing all the characteristics of the lovely animal known by that name, with the exception of coat. In the Skye this is hard, whereas the Paisley or Clydesdale terrier has a soft, silky coat. This is practically the only serious difference between the two varieties, and despite the paper warfare there was some twelve or fifteen years ago, no one ever clearly proved that the soft-coated terrier was anything but a lineal descendant of the Skye, and had been brought to perfection by careful breeding and selection. The general appearance of the Paisley terrier is that of a long, low dog, having a rather large head in proportion to its size, and with a coat which looks like silk or spun glass. The ears are small, set on high and carried perfectly erect, whilst the skull, which is slightly domed, should be very narrow between the ears, gradually widening towards the eyes and tapering very slightly to the nose. It should be covered with long, silky hair, perfectly straight, and extending well beyond the nose. Colour ranges from dark blue to light fawn, but the most popular are the various shades of blue, dark blue for preference, but without any approach to blackness or sootiness. These particulars will, we hope, give you a good idea of the characteristics of the variety.—ED.]

THE GATHERING STONE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph, in the hope that you will be able to insert it in COUNTRY LIFE. I am sure this picture will appeal to all those who take a warm interest in bonnie Scotland. The stone is situated on Sheriffmuir, in Perthshire, on the northern slope of the Ochils, two and a-half miles east-north-east of Dunblane, and it was here that the clans, to the number of 8,400, met



and swore fealty, on the 13th November, 1715, to the Earl of Mar. Soon after the indecisive battle was fought against 3,500 Hanoverians, under the Duke of Argyll. The Macdonalds, who formed the centre and right of the Highland army, completely routed the left of their opponents, but Argyll, with his dragoons, had meantime driven the left of the Highlanders back for two miles. About 500 fell on each side. To protect the Gathering Stone from disappearing altogether, Colonel Stirling, of Kippendavie, has had it surrounded by strong iron palings.—J. W. DICK.

THE AFGHAN DOG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was much interested in the photograph of an Afghan dog reproduced in your issue of April 30th. I have distinct recollections of dogs of this breed which I came across about the Khyber Pass during the Afghan War of 1878-80. An officer of my regiment found one of these puppies in Ali Musjid, and had it for some years. It grew into a fine dog; it was of a wheaten yellow colour coat about the length of a collie's, tail docked, and ears rounded off, as shown in your illustration. Curiously enough the dog to which I refer was also called Khyber, and the owner's name the same as your correspondent's.—JAMES HOPE.

THE AFGHAN DOG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to your wish to know more of the breed of dog called Afghan, I venture to say from experience that the photograph of the dog so called, of which you give a copy in your issue of April 30th, is not peculiar to Afghanistan (and in my own mind I doubt it being a distinct breed at all). It is similar to a dog found in many parts of India, particularly in Northern Assam, where it forms a favourite food of the natives (Kukis), by whom it is much appreciated after having been fed upon rice, but it differs from the true Afghan type, the points of which are similar to those of a collie, resembling it in form, fur, etc., with the exception of the head, which is broader and more like a mastiff.—M. T. B.

SEA OTTERS AND ANTARCTIC SEALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I be allowed to supplement your account of the rare furs in the Hudson's Bay sales by some notes on the decrease of two of the most valuable of all fur-bearing animals, the sea otter and the Antarctic fur seal? The former is found on the Alaskan coast; the latter is, or was, taken, as its name implies, between Cape Horn and the ice of the South Pole continent. The fur of the sea otter is incomparably finer and of better colour in its natural state than that of prepared and dyed seal, while that of the Southern or Antarctic fur seal is of finer quality than the finest of the Northern species. In price the sea otter skin fetches about 75 per cent. more than the finest silver fox. In 1896 one skin sold for £240; in 1897 for £220; and in 1898 for £255. The numbers of this vanishing species may be conjectured from the following trade return extending over the last ten years. Sea otter skins sold in 1889, 3,336; 1890, 2,553; 1891, 2,375; 1892, 1,305; 1893, 1,579; 1894, 1,450; 1895, 1,221; 1896, 1,550; 1897, 1,201; 1898, 955. The Southern fur seal is lost, so far as trade purposes are concerned. In November, 1893, 45 skins were sold; in March, 1896, 186 skins; in June, 1896, 398 skins; and since then none have been offered. All these figures relate to the London market, the main dépôt of the world's fur trade. In regard to the Hudson's Bay beaver furs, in your account of the March sales you note that none were on offer then, the sale being effected before Christmas. The beaver supply has perceptibly decreased during the last five years, but not in anything like the proportion of the rarer furs. Demand and fashion also affect the supply. In 1893, 56,224 were on offer in the Hudson's Bay sales. In 1898, 43,120 was the total. The best silver fox skin in 1895 fetched £170, in the last sale, £155.—HUDSON'S BAY.

ROAMING CATS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of the 30th April "Constant Reader" states that she has ascertained a method of preventing cats roaming, viz., by cutting the hairs out of the inside of the ears. I have had great experience with cats, and can assure "Constant Reader" that if she continues the practice her cats will almost infallibly become deaf, and in most cases suffer terribly from gatherings in the ear.—CAT LOVER.

DOG AND PARROT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think it may interest some of your readers who are given to ingenious speculation on the reasoning powers of animals, their limitations, and the extent to which they are to be explained by simple unconscious association of ideas, to hear of a curious comedy in animal life of which I am a very frequent witness in summer. At a certain house is one of those ordinary grey parrots that seem better speakers and wiser persons generally than most of their kind. There is also a spaniel, and in the wood there are many rabbits. In the summer the parrot is often put out, in his cage, under the boughs of a great cedar. From this position he has a full view of the opposite park bank, steeply rising before him, and it is up this bank that the dog generally sneaks off to his illicit rabbit hunts. Often, as he is seen from the lawn, someone will call after him "Charlie, Charlie," and back the rascal will come, with his tail between his legs, looking as if "rabbit" were an unknown quantity to him. And now the parrot, having been in the habit of hearing "Charlie, Charlie," shouted in tones of severe reproof, when the dog is seen stealing up over the hillside, has learnt to repeat the same invocation in precisely the same voice. This is funny enough in itself; but what is infinitely more entertaining is that the dog pays the most striking compliment to the imitative powers of the parrot by turning at once, abashed and pendulous of tail, fancying himself rated by some human voice. The parrot thus acts the part of a useful game-keeper or watcher; but the question that is left open for discussion is the measure in which the parrot reasons out things. It is scarcely to be thought that the preservation of the rabbits is consciously in his mental outlook. On the other hand, it is hard to believe that the grey old rascal has not some sly sense of humour enabling him to enjoy the crestfallen return of the dog. Probably most of the comedy, at all events, is to be explained by the simple association of ideas—the parrot has been in the habit of seeing the dog sneak up over the park bank, and at the same time hearing the indignant shouts of "Charlie." The one idea probably suggests the other; but it would be lamentable to think that the excellent bird has no sense of satisfaction in seeing the very result follow its imitation that it had been wont to see as the natural consequence of the original.—F. OSBORNE.

FIELD-GLASSES FOR OBSERVING BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am anxious to buy a good pair of field-glasses, and should be glad of any advice in regard to them. I want them for observing birds (chiefly) at distances that would generally be from 50 to 200 yards. The points that I want in them are lightness (are the aluminium glasses fairly cheap and good?) and quickness in bringing them to bear on the object sought for. The latter is a great point, I might say the great point, and therefore it is that I do not find those that have different focusses for the two eyes to be very good. They are too complicated. I want something simple and convenient, at a moderate cost, that can be easily carried and quickly used. Hoping you may be able to help me in this particular.—ENQUIRER.

[It seems to us that "Enquirer" would find his questions most readily answered if he were to address them to a good optical instrument maker. What he wants is evidently nothing much out of the common way, but a good serviceable field-glass. Nevertheless, if any of our readers have had any special experience of glasses of the range and for the use that he mentions, we shall be very glad to hear from them.—ED.]



MONDAY: Oh, it is such a delightful day, I want to go out and look at it instead of sitting here and writing about hats that I do not possess and dresses that I do not want. I am not so sure though that I do not want one of the dresses I shall prate of to-day—I think I do; it is being worn by a girl who this moment has passed down the street. It is of grey faced cloth, with the skirt much stitched, and is too long for its wearer, who gracefully evades its folds at every step, and the bodice pouches a little in the front, opening to show a very narrow vest of white, while it is faced with light blue linen, and the white vest is tied round the neck with a black glacé scarf in a short bow with long ends. Crowned with a hat of grey embroidered tulle, with a monster bird at one side, the whole costume is most attractive, seeming to me unmistakably to savour of Paris. The tones of grey and blue and black and white, though subdued, are so admirably effective.

Since writing the above I have taken five minutes for reflection, and the biting of the end of my pen-holder. Note: I always choose a wooden one, in order to be able to have this privilege, and I bite it until it looks like nothing but a baby's teething ring. What a drawback to such luxuries is the use of a type-writer! You cannot conveniently chew the end of this while you meditate on your future works; but I have come to the conclusion that I am going out. I refuse to sit and scribble while the green leaves on the trees in the park rustle me an invitation to their shade, and while—and this is the real reason I cannot stay at home—I have a new frock whose charms I want to exhibit to the admiring public. If they do not admire it, it is a sign that they have no souls for anything that is really beautiful. The dress is of pervenche cloth and has facings of mauve. Pervenche and mauve are ideal combinations. The decrees of fashion will prevent me walking far, but I think that I shall stand still so that I may be in evidence. It is rather a pity our present skirts are so much too long that we trip over them when we walk; it

seems strangely foolish, but as some other worthy person remarked, you may as well be out of the world as out of the fashion, and the voluminous skirt shall not be a stumbling-block in my straight pathway to *La Mode*. But before I go upstairs I shall mention the details of my new hat, which, following the example of my new gown, shows a combination of pervenche and mauve; the straw is pervenche, the mauve being contributed by a bunch of orchids. It is a lovely hat, and besides having orchids upon it, it shows a bunch of apple-blossom, and a rosette of mauve velvet beneath the brim, which, unlike the brims of most hats at the moment, does not turn up at the front, but at the back. Essie wants that hat of mine badly, so it must be good. She never desires anything in fashion which is not deserving.

THURSDAY: Having been a very good girl for the whole day yesterday, Tom and Nellie took me to "The Medicine Man" at the Lyceum. "How strange it is to see modern dress on this stage." Nellie said this three times—I am not certain she did not say it seven—till I checked her "damnable iteration," pointing out that the remark was neither interesting nor original, and most certainly not worthy of punctuating each scene of each act of this absorbing play. It is a most fascinating performance, and Irving wears a velvet jacket with his evening clothes, upon which I should like to rest my weary head. I do not know whether it is Irving or the jacket that attracts me in this fashion, but he does look most graceful under its influence. He is a great person, and how fine he is in his part. You can feel the will power of the man, so that you wonder not at all that he has taken the town by storm, and does as he pleases alike with Beauty and the Beast. I do not believe in hypnotism in the least, or, at any rate, I have always said I did not. "The Medicine Man" convinces me against my will and leaves me of the same opinion still.



DRESS OF BLACK CASHMERE WITH LACE VEST.



WHITE SILK CAPE, TRIMMED WITH BLACK LACE, RIBBON, AND JET.

Nellie had to literally shake me into an appreciation of the frocks, which were really deserving of special attention. Ellen Terry's first dress is lovely, made of white satin, covered with golden net, glittering with golden sequins; a huge bunch of pink roses falls in a long trail from one shoulder to the hem, and she wears a pink rose in her hair, which sets out round the nape of her neck, fastened down with diamond combs. Miss Vynor looks well, too, in this ball scene in a green brocade glittering with sequins, the square-cut bodice fastened with a huge knot of green ribbons. Rose Leclercq has a fine dress of grey satin embroidered with silver in the garden scene, where Ellen Terry's appearance is weirdly picturesque and wonderful, in a gown of blue and violet chiffon, with many shaded flounces on the train, and an "octopian" pattern of iridescent paillettes extending from the bust to the hem. The house was full and most appreciative. It shouted and cheered alike insidious Irving and the brutal Burge. And then we went to supper at the Savoy and talked of mesmerism, and I willed Tom to order me a peach in frozen cream, and he did it at once.

No one was particularly well dressed in the room, the only exception to the rule being a girl in a gown of jet, with sleeves and under-bodice of white tulle, much gathered, fastened across with black velvet straps buckled with diamonds. And I rather liked her hair ornament, made of vivid green tulle and a couple of green-speckled wings, with a diamond brooch joining these in the centre. I also bestowed an admiring glance upon a cloak we met coming out on the staircase, made of black Chantilly lace, mounted over white chiffon. There is a rage in Paris for black lace now, and every self-respecting woman should immediately proceed to the wardrobe of her mother or her grandmother and rob it of its black lace. And now I remember that I have not done my descriptive duty by the pictures my amiable artist has supplied for my advantage. The dress might be adapted with special success to the needs of the half-mourner, being made of black cashmere, with a waistcoat of white lace over white lisette, the straps, belt, and epaulettes of black velvet, with white lace patterns sewn upon them at intervals. It is pleasing to note that one can get these nice white lace patterns at all the best of the West End establishments, and under their influence the home dressmaker may successfully proceed on her way to "the latest." That cape sketched, made of white silk, with a pattern worked in black velvet ribbon, and trimmed with a flounce of black lace resting on a flounce of white lace, cannot be conscientiously termed a garment of much usefulness, but it is decidedly elegant, and it would do admirably for a carriage wrap on the typically chilly afternoon in June. But who am I to dare to cast a stone at the June weather!